The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

December 15, 1923

Some Universalist Leader Objectives for 1924

To Push for Better Religious Education

To Urge the Nobility of Modern Missionary Work

To Help Our Nation Teach by Example as Well as by Precept

To State the Facts in the Life of Christ

To Aid in Our Own Christ Crusade

To Get Men Everywhere to Take Christ in Earnest

Help Us Extend Our Influence by Increasing Our Circulation

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editors

Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.
John van Schaick, Jr.

Office Staff

F. I. Adams
D. Hall.
L. W. MacDonald.

Contributing Staff

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER
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Who's Who in this Issue

Granville Hicks, editor of *Onward*, was graduated from Harvard in 1923 with highest honors, given his degree *summa cum laude*, winning the Phi Beta Kappa and highest honors in English. His home is at Framingham, Mass., and in the fall he entered the Harvard Theological School. Above the initials G. H. he has been contributing book reviews to the *Leader*.

Henry Nehemiah Dodge is a prominent Universalist layman, author of "Christus Victor" and "John Murray's Landfall."

* *

Strange how few people understand what freedom means! Nearly everybody believes in freedom as applied to himself and to those with whose opinions he is in agreement. The acid test comes in the case of men whose ideas and purposes we despise and rightly fear. From this point of view we can say that the right of free speech means the right of our worst enemy as well as our best friend to say his say. (*Unity.*)

* *

What we need is not people who will rewrite the Bible, but people who will reread it. (*New York Tribune.*)

* *

The sons of the small houses who have borne the yoke in their youth hold a cumulative advantage over those who have been accustomed to life with broad margins. Such men can and do accommodate themselves to straitened circumstances at a pinch, and for an object, but they are as aware of their efforts afterwards as an untrained man is aware of his muscles on the second morning of a walking tour. and when they have won through what they consider hardship they are apt to waste good time and place by subconsciously . . . . remembering their own efforts. . . . And that is the chief reason why the untrained man always has to pay more for the privilege of owning himself than the man trained to the little things. (*Rudyard Kipling.*)

* *

We liberals . . . sometimes make a tactical blunder. Instead of keeping to our place as an advance guard some of us get lonely and turn back for comfort to the forces which are marking time or even turning in retreat. We seek fellowship at a perilous price. We get no reward for such timidity, such recreancy to our cause. We only make agreements with orthodoxy on their terms. We lose the battle. (*Christian Register.*)

* *

And now France, in addition to threatening to punish white men for insulting negroes in public, has shut out "The Birth of a Nation" from her movie theaters. Hurrah again for France! If only she would extend some of this real civilization to the Ruhr! (*Unity.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above princip es be professed

Editorial

IF THE CHRIST CAME AGAIN

TWO groups of Christians are thinking much in these days of the coming of Christ. The one group, by far the larger, thinks of the first coming of Christ. Its attention is fixed on the meaning of Christmas. They look with joy into the manger-cradle to see the Christ-child. Their hearts are filled with the delight and their lips sing his praise. They think of all that he has meant for the world and for their own lives. They celebrate the advent season and Christmas day with great joy and profound gratitude.

The other group thinks less of the first coming and more of the second. They have less gladness in their hearts and less hope for humanity. Their Christmas will have something somber in it, and the more love they have for men the more sadness they will have, for they think Christ in his second advent will come to judge and destroy the world. Thus the thoughts and expectations of Christians are very different about the Christ who once came and who is expected to come again.

There is one question raised by Christ himself that is very searching, which goes to the very quick of our consciences, and gives us a glimpse into his own mind in a profoundly serious mood. There is no question he ever asked so revealing and so penetrating. "When the son of man cometh, will he find faith on the earth?" That question must give us pause. It compels us to think about him and about ourse ves. If he came again, he would find many millions of persons who would answer his questions by bringing him the great creeds of the Church, wherein they set forth in amazing language what they think about him and how strenuously they hold this faith, and how they make the salvation of all persons depend upon their allegiance to it. The Orthodox Churches certainly think they have their answer ready to his question about finding faith on the earth. And the Liberal Churches, too, have their answers. Their creeds are not as philosophical, elaborate, and exclusive; they are more religious and ethical and social and modern. But neither the creed of the Orthodox nor of the Liberal Church would answer Christ's question. They are irrelevant, beside the mark. He d d not ask about *the faith*, but *faith*. It was not the faith-content but the faith-attitude he had in mind. This is a different matter, and of far greater importance. One might hold the faith and yet not have faith; he might keep the faith of the Churches and yet not keep faith with Christ.

So we ask: If Christ came again, would he find faith in his principles of life? Would he find men living by faith as he did in the truth and practicability of his moral ideals? If he entered into our business world, would he find men believing in his way of life, or would he find men confessing that his principles are the iridescent dreams of a peasant, who knew nothing of business? If he sat down with the practical politicians and the military leaders of the world, would he find faith in his principles of good-will and peace? If he got into our social clubs and circles would he find faith in his democratic principle and practise of love for all men? If he sat in or was an observer at the conferences of world commissions, would he find faith in his great experiment of love and service and sacrifice?

If he saw us in our religious attitudes, in the way we relate ourselves to God, in our anxieties about food, clothing, and shelter, in the crises of our lives when our plans are broken and our hopes are blighted, would he find faith as the support of our lives? Would he hear us say, "Not my will but Thine be done?"

If he came and found us in the valley of the shadow of death, with the earth receding from our consciousness, and the Eternal World drawing near, would he find in us faith, and hope, and willingness to take our departure?

One can not but wonder whether he would be satisfied with his discoveries, and one can not but put these searching questions to himself. Both the first and the second comings of Christ are very serious matters for the soul of a man and the world.

D. E.

* *

COOLIDGE

WHETHER they agree or disagree with his views on public questions, thoughtful, discriminating, independent people will praise the courage of Calvin Coolidge.

What makes it so much more admirable is that it is so matter of fact. Without elaborate argument or the slightest attempt at self-defense, he plainly

says things which make shivers go up and down the spines of old-time politicians.

The elder statesmen of his own party advised him to "leave the World Court alone." Some of them have expressed "great disappointment" that he took a position favoring it.

Practical men felt that he would at the least soft-pedal any utterance about the bonus, but he makes his position as plain as a pikestaff.

On tax reduction, he stands squarely back of Mellon, no matter how the radicals howl or "the people imagine a vain thing."

Perhaps there is something to be said for this plain Vermont farmer boy who has always been so unattractive and so lucky.

Perhaps he really did more in the police strike than those "on the inside" would admit.

Perhaps this harsh, reticent, undemonstrative New England character has more to it than some of us in the West and South have realized.

* *

SOME WORK FOR THE CONVENTION AD INTERIM

THE Providence Convention unanimously adopted the following resolution about the Christ Crusade:

> In response to the demand made by the ministers and members that this Convention take such a step forward as shall reinvigorate our entire denomination, *we recommend* the prosecution of the Christ Crusade to its logical conclusion.
>
> The first and most important undertaking of our Church is the quickening of the spiritual vigor of our constituency and of a soul-hungry world. The life-giving Center of humanity for the past two thousand years has been Jesus Christ; he is acknowledged to-day as the only adequate Saviour of society.
>
> We therefore challenge this Convention and all of our churches to measure up to our high calling in Christ, believing that such action will pave the way for the solution of every problem now confronting us.
>
> In this connection we recommend further that the Christ Crusade be continued over a four-year period; that our first object shall be the deepening and enrichment of the spiritual life of our people; that our next goal shall be the doubling of our membership within four years, and a substantial and commensurate increase in candidates for our ministry.
>
> *We further recommend,* owing to the excessive demands upon the time and strength of our Board of Trustees and of our General Superintendent, that a committee to plan and carry this Crusade to realization be appointed by the General Superintendent, at this session of the Convention, and that this committee be instructed to immediately meet and formulate plans whereby the Christ Crusade shall begin on Christmas Day, 1923.

The committee recommended, the Convention approved, and it remains for the General Superintendent and his committee to execute. We trust that the Board of Trustees, which is the Convention *ad interim,* will order that the date for beginning the Crusade be changed to the beginning of Lent and at the same time amend the four year clause.

It is obvious that no Crusade can be launched at Christmas. For a month following the Convention, the General Superintendent had to meet appointments in the South. When he returned it was almost Dec. 1. Probably this is just as well, for he came back after this contact with real people, like Antaeus renewed in body and mind. He is now making plans, and they will be better plans from these recent contacts.

As to the four year scheme, a l ttle reflection will show us that it is likely to make the thing drag along until every one is tired of it.

Let us make it short, strong, intensive, interesting, and then do it all over again in some new way.

What is involved is an old-fashioned Universalist revival. New members, more money, better churches, community service, are inevitable by-products of a revival of our faith in ourselves, in our fellows and in God.

* *

PRESENT DAY OBJECTIVES OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

RECOMMENDATION Number Twenty Two," said one of our ministers, "was the most important thing done at Providence. Some of us are disgusted because the committee did not use our own form of words, and may not study the recommendation with care. It will repay scrutiny. The *Leader* can afford to bring it out, print it on the cover page, keep it standing!"

Well, here it is, where he who runs may read. It was adopted unanimously. What do we think about it?

I. Our Faith: Changing social and religious conditions require that we reaffirm Universalist ideals in accord with the history of our Church as well as with the spirit of modern times.

We recommend as fundamental to our Church and as an adequate expression of a faith for the world the Five Principles of Faith, with the liberty clause attached, as adopted at the session of the Universalist General Convention held in Boston, Mass., in 1899.

II. Our Purpose: The true business of the Universalist Church is to carry on the spiritual enterprise which Jesus began twenty centuries ago. In so doing we shall express a complete Christianity ministering to every vital human need.

III. Our Program: In agreement with this purpose we recognize that belief in the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man requires daily expression through adequate spiritual principles:

(*a*) The first of these principles is Christian Unity.

Our faith in Universal Brotherhood commits us to unity with all mankind; we should, therefore, seek close relations with all like-minded liberal Christians, recognizing that the bond of unity is a community of ideals and purposes, rather than uniformity of belief, and that in the future acceptance of spiritual fellowship, rather than theological agreement, will be the basis of our co-operative Christian effort.

(*b*) The second of these principles is Christian culture.

We believe that this expression of brotherhood, and of fellowship with God, can best be secured by some form of daily study of Christ's teachings, and that the Universalist Church has a fourfold ministry:

(1) A spiritual ministry. (2) A healing ministry. (3) A social ministry. (4) An international ministry.

(*c*) The third of these principles is Christian Citizenship.

We reaffirm the Social Service Programs as adopted at the Worcester and Detroit Conventions, and recommend that we make these the basis of a forward movement throughout the Church and the world for the establishment of industrial peace and social justice.

We specifically proclaim that the application of the Golden Rule is the only solution for industrial and social problems.

We further affirm the position of the Church as committed to universal peace among the nations and its conviction that the way to establish that peace is by inculcating the spirit of Christian brotherhood.

IV. Our Method: The realization of these aims is dependent upon an adequate educational program. As a means to this end we reaffirm our sympathy with liberal Christian leaders in all lands.

We recommend that a sympathetic effort be made to have an exchange of pulpits between ministers of our Church and like-minded ministers of other Churches and countries.

We further recommend that an adequate literature be prepared under the direction of a suitable committee.

* *

THE DUTY OF KNOWING

IN our insistence upon the duty of trusting, we often neglect the duty of knowing.

The child dies and we are plunged into mourning, but, in a vast majority of cases, the child need not have died, if the individual had only known the kind of care it needed. That has not always been found out, to be sure, but it has been found out enough to completely revolutionize the statistics of infant mortality, if only this duty of knowing were taken seriously.

A churchman launches a vitriolic attack upon another churchman. It goes far and wide. It accomplishes much of the harm intended. Chance brings them together, they talk it over, and the first man says: "I never dreamed that you and your church held such views." Ah, but it was his business to know before he launched his attack.

There is a body of knowledge available as to the effect of another war between first-class powers waged with air fleets and poison gas. It will not excuse us if in the future we sadly look at the smoking ruins of what was once New York or Boston to say, "If I had only realized, I should have used my influence to devise some better way." It is our duty to know now.

People walk through life together in the most intimate daily contact, and one or the other breaks down nervously. There seems to be no reason, but unconsciously they have been violating the most simple, elementary principles of psychology. They have not known. They have not even known the possibility of knowing. On them the responsibility may not rest therefore altogether, but whoever did know and did not tell has to bear a heavy load.

In those distinctive things which make us men and make us women, and which ought to be beautiful in our sight as in God's sight, we call good evil and evil good, and because of our training really believe what we say. What possibilities of human service open up before us here in knowing and in teaching

The great commandment directs us to love the Lord our God with all our mind as well as with all our soul and strength.

We need never fear that the realm in which we must grow and use a beautiful trust will in our day at least become much less. There are infinite realms around us. We just begin to see. We often get sadly hurt. But life will be happier when religion learns to put the great word know up side by side with trust and obey.

* *

CHRIST CRUSADES AND GREAT WINDS

THERE are many ways in which to get ourselves ready for a crusade. We may go to hear a great speaker, or we may talk with others interested, or we may read about the thing involved in the crusade, or we may pray.

At Detroit there was a plan made for a Christ Crusade in the Universalist Church.

At Providence, it was asked with some heat who ran the Universalist denomination anyway, and were we going to have what we ordered at Detroit, and it was voted unanimously to have a Christ Crusade.

There isn't anything harder under heaven that we know of than that.

Doubling, trebling, quadrupling quotas is child's play in comparison. Washington churches are nothing to it.

We are planning to start out to put the mind and the heart of Christ into Universalist officials, ministers, laymen, and even editors.

We are deliberately planning to apply the principles of Christ in modern life.

While we are waiting to get detailed plans for the Crusade, we suggest that we prepare ourselves by reading one of the four gospels, and we promise to do it ourselves. We would say all four—they are short—but that is a counsel of per ection. It will accomplish much if, all together, now, this week, we slowly, thoughtfully, prayerfully, carefully, read through from beginning to end the gospel of Mark. Perhaps next week we might take Luke. Or perhaps we might ge Goodspeed and, in addition to the majestic sweep of the old version, get some old difficulties cleared up.

Sure we are that without this getting together to read and this going apart to pray, no Christ Crusade will get far. It will be like an incident of the Great War which Montague tells us about:

> "Part of a famous division of Highland infantry were given one day, as a special treat, a harangue by one of the most highly reputed of chaplains. This spell-binder preached like a tempest—the old war sermon, all God of Hosts and chariots of wrath. . . . As soon as the rumbling died away one of the hard-bitten kilted sergeants leaned across to another and quoted dourly: 'A great and strong wind, but the Lorrd was not in the wind.' "

Cruising Around These United States

VI Woodbine Willie

John van Schaick, Jr.

"BY all means," said the Rev. Richard Roberts of Montreal, in the sanctum, "some of you must hear Studdert-Kennedy of London, at St. Paul's Cathedral here in Boston next Sunday. He is the famous 'Woodbine Willie,' the most popular chaplain in the British Army during the Great War."

Having to be in Boston that Sunday, I assigned the task to myself.

"And just what made him the most popular chaplain in the British army?" I asked myself as I crossed the Common in the rain. "Surely, not a big voice, nor tricks of eloquence, nor an imposing 'front,' nor backslapping, nor cigarettes and chocolate candy; the Tommies saw through all that. He must have been unassuming, genuine, friendly, democratic, brave, with all these qualities and more fused in a personality which said 'brother man' as soon as one saw him."

Woodbine Willie said all of that when he appeared in the processional. I don't know why I picked him out. Smaller than the other fine-looking men of the St. Paul's staff, walking a bit carelessly, looking around in all directions, with thin, almost haggard, face, with deep-set dark eyes, with shaggy eyebrows—my eyes caught his when he appeared and never left him. I had heard of Woodbine Willie and knew we were in for something, as we were.

The beautiful low church service of St. Paul's moved steadily on for nearly an hour.

"Thy kingdom come, O God," we sang the old hymn of Canon Hensley, a wonderful boy and man choir leading.

> "Where is thy reign of peace
> And purity and love,
> When shall all hatred cease,
> As in the realms above?"

Then Dean Rousmaniere stood up in the historic old high pulpit and said: "The quota for this cathedral congregation for the current year is $65,000, which I ask you to give next Sunday."

As if this incidental matter were out of the way—as probably it is—he went on: "We welcome to-day one of the most interesting personalities in the English Church. Rich and poor, high and low, listen to him gladly. We know of his services in the war. We recognize the appeal he continually makes for personal communion with Jesus Christ. We sympathize with his great message that the whole of Christ's principles must be applied to human life."

At last the second hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war," came to an end and the clergy moved out of the stall to clear the way to the pulpit. Released, Woodbine Willie went up the steps on a run and stood swaying and turning for a moment, a lithe, compelling figure in white and red, looking down earnestly in the faces of a congregation which filled every pew in the church.

Then in a high, penetrating, voice, which was monotonous for a little while, pitched for a great English cathedral, he began:

"Of all the words the voice of man ever spoke or his hand wrote down, there are no words of greater beauty or filled with deeper meaning than what we call the prologue to John's gospel: 'In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God.' " "Not very promising," I grumbled to myself. But what was this after a sentence or two more? "Right at the heart of the ultimate reality from which I come and to which I return there is something reasonable—something I can know and that can know me. Beyond the stars, at the heart of the stones beneath my feet, there is something that speaks to me and to which I can speak. At the heart of the world there is reasonableness."

A great hush fell over the congregation. Even the little choir boys looked awed. The Dean seemed preaching with him.

"I do not know whether you have ever had to speak to a lunatic whom you loved, to whom you had been bound before he lost his mind. It is a terrible experience to try to deal with him when reason is gone. There is no experience in life that can so rend and tear us as that, except one, and that is to believe ourselves that the world has gone mad and there is no God.

"An old French woman, too feeble to go away, used to walk through the streets of a little French town up near the front leading her cow by the horns. That cow was her pride, her companion, her living. One day we passed her sitting by the mangled flesh of what had been her cow. Weeping she said in French, 'The good God is dead.' Oftentimes on the battlefield where we chaplains went, as was our task, to pick up the bits, help the shattered wrecks of men, we felt inclined to say the same thing.

"To-day in England a million and a half of my old comrades are walking about, with nothing to do, their children asking for bread. They are very brave, I am proud of them, I love them dearly. As I go around England talking to them, for that is my calling, I find that it is not easy for them to believe in God. 'We gave our best,' they say, 'we got this.' For many, God is dead. Their bitterness has killed God, that is why I long to see a way out for every one.

"If you take up this desperate creed, however, you are challenged by the other side.

"I remember sitting by the Dee at sunset, when all the water and the little sands were ablaze with glory. Again and again in the war, when men were going mad, losing faith, it was easy to call them back by the beauty of the sunset or a passing summer cloud. They were things that could not be murdered by the guns. In their souls, men felt that God must be, because beauty existed.

> " 'Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home.'

"In the beauty of the world there is a hand pointing to the *logos*—reason at the heart of the universe. We say we have conquered nature. We can't conquer her. We can understand her, find out facts, brood over them. Then perhaps with a flash of insight see how it works, find out the *logos*. Then man is to obey. If for a moment man fails to obey, the order of the universe drives him to his death. As he obeys, it pours upon him new powers and new gifts. Forever we are relying on the reasonableness of nature. It will always do the same things in the same order. In the great scientific revival, there is testimony of order at the heart of the universe. The order of God is in it. Even in the thunder there is a voice. The danger is that we shall take those powers and not see their ultimate purpose, take beauty and utility and use them for mean, selfish ends. If we do that, we come at last against the great eternal purpose and are ground out.

" 'For the mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small.'

"For God's sake let us not think that God works in a good-natured way, that you can play fast and loose with Him, go or not go with Him.

"You either go His way or you go out."

The high voice came down and it sounded like the crack of doom.

Very gently then, this foreign visitor dealt with an American Chamber of Commerce speech from "a really great orator," on "The Greatness of America"—agricultural products that a few years ago were worth twenty-five billions, now seventy-five billions, railroads of a few miles now some colossal figure, one motor car to every twelve people, a telephone to every eight, hot and cold water in every home, and our mission to give everybody the same wealth.

"These are not the glory and beauty of life," said the preacher, "either in your country or mine. We both can have all these things and be low. They are meant to serve.

"Do not forget they all come from God. God made the radio, the steam engine, the motor car, the telephone, cables and ships, as much as the constellations.

"They mean that God is love. That is not a sentimental word. No word has such an intellectual content. These wires and engines and ships and wireless and miles and miles of rails mean unity, fellowship, brotherhood. Space and time have been done away. What I have has become yours. What you have is become mine.

"God is love is the meaning of the *logos*, the reason at the heart of the universe. The purpose of God is brotherhood. Iron ships and rails make the body of the brotherhood. We must give it a soul.

"We are proud to be good Frenchmen, good Britains, good Americans, but the spirit to save the world is to be proud of our manhood.

"The world needs America in all the deeds of human brotherhood.

"England is too proud to ask you to help. I dare not ask you for England. But I dare ask you for God's sake."

It was a moving appeal. It sent a chastened reflective congregation out into the street. For a moment it seemed another world—the gray clouds of a two-days' storm breaking, a cold west wind blowing, men like trees walking about.

A pull on the arm as I went back over the common recalled me. "Been to the Temple, brother?" said a nasal voice. "Yes," said I, not thinking what he meant. "Wasn't he mighty to-day, same as every Sunday?" Then I saw he meant Massee, the chief fundamentalist, who makes God crush Japanese and sends most of us to hell. "No, I was at St. Paul's," I explained. "Oh," he said, "are you a Christian man?" "Yes," I said, pushing on. "When were you converted?" he persisted. "I can't remember," I feebly explained. "Then you are not converted," he said, "or you'd know. Get home. Get on to your knees, come hear Massee next Sunday, he'll save you." Then I realized I was dealing with a lunatic, answered him kindly and put him on a car for Cambridge—his last words being, "Come to Jesus, brother, come to Massee," leaving me a little uncertain if he knew which was which.

In the long quiet afternoon, I went around to the Public Library and looked up Woodbine Willie, whom I am sure Massee would cast into the outer darkness.

He is the Rev. Geoffrey Anketell Studdert-Kennedy, M. C., and C. F., Rector of St. Edmunds, Lombard St., London, since 1922, ordained 1908; Vicar of St. Paul's, Worcester, 1914-21. Served European war. Publications: "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," under the pseudonym, Woodbine Willie, "More Rough Rhymes of a Padre," "Peace Rhymes of a Padre," "Lies," "The Hardest Part," and "Food for the Fed Up."

The note of the Hardest Part is clear when we read this tender little verse:

"The sorrows of God must be 'ard to bear
If 'e really 'as love in 'is 'eart,
And the 'ardest part i' the world to play
Mun surely be God's part."

The thing which bound him to the men is not difficult to understand when we turn to the "Rough Rhymes of a Padre." Take that little prayer before an attack published here in America in 1918:

"It ain't as I 'opes 'E'll keep me safe
While the other blokes goes down,
It ain't as I wants to leave this world
And wear an 'ero's crown,
It ain't for that as I says my prayers
When I goes to the attack,
But I pray that whatever comes my way
I may never turn me back.
I leave the matter o' life and death
To the Father who knows what's best,
And I prays that I still may play the man
Whether I turns east or west."

His "Food for the Fed Up," changed to "I Believe" by Doran when they brought out an American edition in 1921, sermons on the Apostle's Creed, puts him squarely with the liberals in theology—and far in the vanguard as a vital spiritual force.

For example he says this:

"I don't think the life of Jesus is a myth. That theory is far-fetched—fetched out of brains that feed

on books, not out of experience that feeds on life. I don't think the life of Jesus was 'a unique and miraculous interposition of Providence which depends entirely on the Powers above.' I don't understand what that means. It seems to separate the life of Jesus from the rest of life, it seems to separate the rest of life from the Powers above. It divides the natural and the supernatural into two water-tight compartments. That is what I think is all wrong. Humanity and Divinity—God and Man—are not two mutually exclusive ideas."

Most interesting also is his discussion of eternal punishment.

"There has been in these last days a widespread and almost universal revolt among Christian men and women against the doctrine of eternal punishment. Thousands of good Christian people feel that it is impossible to reconcile with the Love of God those visions of endless torment with which the teaching of the past is filled. The fear of Hell has lost its hold upon our people, and lost its reality for our preachers. They no longer appeal to it, and if they did, it is fairly certain that only a small number would respond.

"One sermon upon hell-fire I have heard preached within the last five years—a sermon terrible in its earnestness, preached to men just about to go up the line—and what struck me as horrible about the result of it was that the men who came up to the penitent-form afterwards were mostly nervous and unhealthy-looking boys, who looked like neurasthenics, and who, manifestly carried away by the atmosphere, were clammy and sweating with fear, and I am afraid not half so much fear of the eternal as fear of battle and all it meant. Even in those dreadful times I could not bring myself to do it. I could not have preached that sermon, because I simply could not believe in that awful dilemma which lay at its root; and if I could have preached it, I believe the result would have been the same, to frighten a lot of weakly and neurotic people, and leave the bronze-faced, healthy, gallant crowd of men whose souls I desired to save untouched and somewhat disgusted. I have watched many of these men die in hospital and on the field, and I can not remember a single case in which a man was afraid of the Hereafter. Wounds they feared, and pain, and always they were loath to loose their hold on life, but never have I met a man who feared the Great White Throne and the voice of the relentless Judge.

"One can not preach as reality to others what is not reality to oneself, and the fear of pain and torture Hereafter is not reality to me, and does not play any part in my daily life. I do not turn from evil because it may land me in Hell—the Hell of endless pain—and I am not, and never have been, afraid of death, though I am as afraid of pain and wounds and blood as most men."

But on top of this he utters one of the most powerful of warnings not to leave the Judgment Day out of the teachings of Christ. Every day is a judgment day. Jesus Christ because he is the perfect man is always our judge.

"There is no limit to the love of God, in this world or the next. Never can He cease to seek and save that which is lost. It is not His will that a single soul shall remain in torment. But there is a terrible danger in men rejecting the good. Every time we reject, it becomes harder to accept, harder even to see it and realize it."

That, indeed is not strange doctrine to modern Universalists, nor is it in the slightest degree different from the "hell" Universalists teach as a part of the Divine Mercy of God.

So the abiding thought for me of this stormy day in Boston town and of this night as I look into the fire with my letter all finished, is that little groups of people, fighting for truth, struggling and misunderstood, must not be discouraged. They must not think that God has only a few prophets. To-day as in the days of Elijah—if our eyes are opened we can look up and see the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire protecting, defending, extending the truth.

And one driver of a fiery chariot of the Lord is this Padre who I know descended into hell with Christ to help men out.

Boston, Nov. 25, 1923.

"Saints Are Trumps"

Daniel Evans

"Since thought is life, God's martyrdoms were good,
And saints are trumps, no matter what they did."

IT takes a poet to see and speak of saints in this fine fashion. The man in the street, and the average Protestant Christian, do not see so deeply and clearly into the lives of these devoted children of God, nor do they characterize them in this high manner. For them the saints are pale, wan, emaciated bodies, lovers of suffering, despisers of this goodly frame the earth, removed from contact with all that makes life worth living, and however arduously they may strive for the Kingdom of God, they are indolent in their efforts for the Kingdom of Man.

The poet, however, calls them trumps. They are the best cards in the divine player's hand. They will win this great game. They will secure the high prize. We are wont to think and speak of the poet as the interpreter of life's deeper meanings, and higher values, and the prophet of the Mind of God. He sees deeper and more than the rest of us. This we concede in matters of insight into nature, and things of beauty.

But does he not have the same insight into the divine life and things of truth and goodness? Verily he does. And our poet thinks "the saints are trumps" because for him "thought is life." As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; as a man liveth with his mind, so does he live. When our minds perceive the true, and our hearts appreciate the good, and our imagination is fascinated with the beautiful, then do we truly live—all that is best in us functions worthily. It is the life of the mind that is the real life of man. He truly lives who thinks. Not possessions, nor sensations, but thoughts on Things Eternal give our lives their meaning, their value and their satisfaction. The saints lived thus, and therefore they are "trumps."

Moreover, they died for Jesus and his great dream of the Kingdom of God. No motive could be purer, no love nobler, no purpose greater. They loved the

best Soul the world has ever seen. They followed in his train. They were devoted utterly to his great Vision, and so "their martyrdoms were good." They lived for something other and greater than can be valued in terms of material possessions. They were pale, not from fright, for they never feared wild animals, nor wilder men.

And these saints were rewarded, not with the plaudits of men and the prizes of earth, but with the glory of heaven, the welcome of the Master. "Heavenward through crimson clouds their conquest streamed, to touch his lips in everlasting love." This was their guerdon and with it they were satisfied.

We need a new appreciation of the saints. It is good to see signs that others than the Catholics and the poets are beginning to love them. There is an eager reading of their lives, and such a saint as Francis is loved by all lovers of the good and holy. There is a new sense of the moral and spiritual value of their sanctity and serenity, their earthly detachment and spiritual affinity, and eager expectancy of the life immortal. And many of us cherish the memory of dear old saints of our own households and the churches of our childhood.

The making of saints is the task of the Church, and the saints once made make the Church glorious. The saints of a Church, not its rulers, administrators, creed-makers, are its glory, its undying fame, its greatest products, its profoundest influence in the life of the wor'd.

The Editing of a Religious Journal

Granville Hicks

IN many respects all religious journals have the same problems, and experiences undergone in connection with one may be the basis of conclusions that will apply to another. Even a very small paper, with a very limited constituency, presents difficulties which it is no easy matter to overcome.

The first decision to which an editor comes is that he must shape his paper and not leave to chance its contents. In the early days of American magazines, as Mr. L. Frank Tooker tells in his articles in the *Century*, editors seldom stooped to request a contribution and then only because the name of the author would carry weight with the readers. Even as recently as when Walter Hines Page became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, some twenty-five years ago, it was considered little less than a disgrace to solicit articles.

Since then standards of editing have changed. Instead of being a kind of literary middleman whose sole function is to accept or reject what comes to his desk, the modern editor is an artist, who shapes his paper as a sculptor his clay, laboring to make of it a unified whole. He is never able to accomplish all that he desires, for many times the article or story that he wishes can not be found, but at all times he is consciously aiming at a coherent product. Sometimes a paper may center each issue about a certain subject, as does the *World To-morrow;* sometimes it may make its appeal only to a limited group, as do trade journals; sometimes it strives with a balanced ration to reach all classes, as do the larger weeklies and monthlies; in every case there is a definite aim.

In accord with this general journalistic tendency, the editor of a religious journal must soon determine that he will not let his paper drift with the tide of unsolicited articles, but will direct its progress. Immediately he seeks to survey his readers, to discover both their wants and their needs. His task is in that respect double: he can not content himself with giving people what they want; he must seek to minister to their unconscious needs. This complication renders his task more difficult than that of the editor who starts afresh to build up a following, but it also makes the challenge greater, for, if he is progressive, it means that he will bring his message to those who would otherwise fail to hear it.

Let us glance for a moment at the field which the *Universalist Leader* reaches. We find there the ministers, some of them progressive, some of them reactionary, all of them looking to their denominational paper for leadership. We find also the laymen and their families. Here are just average people. Some of them are well educated in the formal sense of the word, others are not. Most of them take no religious journal other than the *Leader*. Many of them have little other contact with the larger world of ideas. The *Leader* has toward them a considerable responsibility, for on it they depend for their news, and, perhaps to an unfortunate extent, for their views on things religious. It is this average person, this majority reader of the *Leader*, that is most worthy of consideration.

Once we realize the various types reached by the paper, we can immediately perceive that it would be unwise for the *Leader* to be nothing but a trade journal, carrying nothing but news of the denomination. For the majority of its subscribers it is the sole source of religious information, and for their benefit, and to prevent them from acquiring the narrower view, it must bring them news of the entire religious world, summaries of the best religious thought, and accounts of the social application of religious teachings, as well as the denominational information and the doctrinal discussions which bear the particular label of Universalism. The field which is to be covered is very large.

It would be no simple matter to meet the needs of the more or less homogeneous mass of people who make up the greater part of the subscription list, but when it is remembered that they are not the only ones to be considered the problem becomes tremendously complicated. We have the subnormals—those who are deficient in education, those who are hopelessly immersed in antiquated ideas, those who are so far removed from the centers of Universalism that they have not kept abreast of changes—all these must be thought of. On the other side there are the radicals, who demand of the paper a high intellectual level, and who seek to find in it expression for ideas distinctly

unfamiliar to the general public. These, too, are entitled to regard. Between there are all kinds of people who vary somewhat from the mean and can not be satisfied with exactly what satisfies the average. A good religious journal must have its appeal to the least intellectual, for they have often most need of it, and to the most intellectual, for it has often most need of them. Its task is no simple one.

Denominational notes will probably interest all, and the departments can readily be adjusted to whatever is required of them. It is the articles and the editorials that present difficulties. Articles must be secured that will be suited to all ranges of intellect. Articles must be secured that will touch a variety of subjects. Editorials must be written on the important topics of the day in such a manner that they can be understood by all and at the same time will challenge even the most advanced. A balanced number of a religious journal must be aimed at a wide range of readers and at the same time must cover a considerable number of topics in religion and allied subjects. Every article should be chosen with a definite aim in view; to reach this group, or to discuss this subject. Not only each number must be carefully planned, but the total effect of many numbers. Hence it may sometimes be wise to devote one number to a single topic or aim it at a single element among the readers, thus securing a cumulative effect impossible when every number is balanced.

The editorials raise many of the same questions as the articles. One must always be sure that he speaks the language of his readers, and at the same time he must be very careful not to underestimate their intelligence. If the mark can not be ascertained beyond a doubt, it is better to aim too high than too low. The editorials must be fearless, honestly stating the opinions of the writer. If the editorial department has a fixed policy, they need not be signed, but if the editorials represent merely the individual opinions of their writers, initialing will be the safer and franker course. In any case the editorials should contribute real leadership, not reflecting back to the readers what they already think, but challenging their established ideas with newer and truer concepts. In selecting articles the editor should be tolerant, admitting all views to a place on his pages. In his editorials he should state his own views ruggedly and defend them fearlessly.

As a trade journal or as an organ of education, the religious paper has abundant opportunities, but it is as an instrument of leadership that it offers the greatest challenge to the men connected with it. The ideal editor must be a man of keen intuitions, quick to perceive the character of his readers and to gauge their capacities and their desires. He must be truly liberal, with a boundless respect for the opinions of others, and at the same time a thinking man with opinions of his own which he is not ashamed to defend. He must be something of an artist, able to shape his material and to make of it a harmonious whole. Most of all he must be a leader, with the ability to see visions and to make other people see them, unwilling to yield to low motives, petty conceits, or established prejudices, unafraid to challenge his readers and to risk all on their response. Such a man does not exist, it is true, but there are many men who strive to develop his qualities and who, in one degree or another, succeed. In this day of the pre-eminence of the printed word, one hope of the Church lies in developing men who approximate this ideal.

Mrs. Perin and Her Plan to Help

GILBERT HUBBARD has said: "The thought of the race for the first time in history is monistic—we are all one. We are part and particle of each other. To injure another is to injure yourself, is becoming fixed in the race instinct. This is the dominant idea of our time—reciprocity. Mutuality is the watchword in all of man's relations with man. Government exists only for the increased happiness of the governed—he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Or, from a slightly different angle, wasn't it Stevenson who told of a man he disliked intensely, but when circumstances unavoidably threw them together and he developed acquaintance with the man, he found that he liked him immensely and that they had much in common?

It was ignorance and unacquaintance that cherished dislike; acquaintance and understanding developed liking.

That is the vision of universal brotherhood and that is the spirit that shall build the Perin-Cate Home for Boys in Tokyo and dwell within it. We hear talk of the Japanese problem, but with the building up of mutual understanding, with the inculcating of the finest ideals of the American people into the young manhood of Japan, racial antagonisms dissolve and militarism shrivels away.

Something of all this must have been the vision of Dr. Perin and Dr. Cate, our pioneers in the field of Japanese missions—for it is the vision of their faith. The same vision actuates those engaged in the furtherance of this splendid project in memory of our beloved leaders.

It is the sort of thing they themselves would both have wanted to do, had their allotted days not been too few. So it is entirely fitting that this Home, which would have been so dear to their hearts, should be builded by their comrades in the faith.

Mrs. Perin, busy little person though she is, has been eagerly casting about for some plan which would make it possible for her to contribute generously to this work which lies so close to her own heart. And she has hit upon this happy idea—to compile a little volume which will offer something inspirational for each day in the year, from Dr. Perin's own pen. The book is to be sold for the benefit of the Perin-Cate Home.

It is peculiarly fitting that Mrs. Perin should do this. Scarcely a week goes by that she does not receive requests, from people who have known and loved Dr. Perin, for something that he has written. That was what gave her the idea, and certainly Dr. Perin's friends all over the country will welcome the little volume of his own thoughts and words, collated

with the sympathy and understanding which Mrs. Perin, above all others, naturally brings to such a task.

The little volume will be similar in style to Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Friendly Year"—and similar to the three books which Little, Brown and Company have already published for Mrs. Perin, under the titles: "The Optimist's Good Morning," "The Optimist's Good Night," and "Sunlit Days."

There will be something for each day in the year, all the material being also fully indexed by subject. The little book will be invaluable for family devotions in the home, as a book of reference, for Young People's societies, and for all Universalist homes and societies generally.

The volume will be published by Little, Brown and Company, under the title of "The Optimist's Daily Bread." Probably it will be late spring when the little book is ready, but advance orders may be sent in at one dollar and a half per copy to Mrs. Florence H. Perin, 23 Naples Road, Brookline, Massachusetts, or to the Universalist Publishing House at 176 Newbury Street, Boston.

The Ruhr and Reparations as Seen by a Quaker---II

As to the conditions inside Germany, let me speak about passive resistance in the Ruhr. I do not think that the imagination of America has pictured it. Passive resistance is not lying down and stopping work. They are trying to make their plants run to the fullest capacity under the handicap. For instance when I was in Krupp's the other day it was operating about eighty per cent and they were trying to run as long as possible with their raw material stocks. But what they won't do is to bring anything in or out across the border and pay the ten per cent tax which the French have imposed. They will work with the old raw material as long as it lasts.

When the French went into Essen they took the big railway terminal. Imagine the Grand Central Station in New York taken by French troops. When the troops entered the station there was not a man in the place; it was absolutely empty; not a switchman, not a signal man, not a power plant man. Whatever was done the French had to do. They had to find their own men, pay their own men, house their own men, have them study the machinery, familiarize themselves with the tracks and signals and every detail of operation. They had a thousand problems to solve the first day, another thousand the next day, and they have never caught up yet with that infinitely complex situation.

You can not imagine the intricacies of that Ruhr country; one city of half a million population bordering right against another almost as large; the railway tracks like a network and factories everywhere; an enormously complicated region. Just to have that thrown on your hands to operate is a tremendous task, even if you have the labor there and do not have to educate them. When the French take a coal mine with their troops and machine guns a whistle blows—and that is a crime now to blow your own whistle in your own plant to summon your own workmen, for which the French have sentenced people to jail for fifteen years—a whistle blows and the men, maybe a thousand of them, come pouring up from the underground. They stand with their arms folded and look at the French soldiers, and the French soldiers look at them. What can they do? They can't do anything. They can't shoot them; they haven't done anything to shoot them for. And as long as the French soldiers stay there the Germans will go away and get a job somewhere else if they can get it, and if not the Government has been paying them an eighty per cent unemployment wage.

The French have the mine; what will they do with it? They have to bring their labor there, pay them cold cash. They have not tried to mine underground, and the only coal they have secured so far is the stocks of coal they found. I haven't a doubt that every ton of coal that France has been getting is costing $500 a ton and in the earlier days $1,000 a ton. As the head of the Miners' Union told me, "France is getting one per cent of what we used to give her for nothing. In that chair you are sitting in I told the head of the Interallied Coal Commission, 'We will make up this default on coal as soon as the physical conditions permit, but if you come in here with your bayonets and try to make us work you won't get anything.' And they have not been getting 1 per cent."

Since that time I believe the figures I have seen have brought it up to 7 and possibly 10 per cent of the 70,000 tons of coal a day that they had been getting for nothing before the occupation. Bayonets do not mine coal very well; helmets do not bring it up. Soldiers are out of place in industry; they don't belong there, they are perfectly helpless. One of the French generals said to one of us, "If they start anything we will massacre them." But if they don't start anything what are they going to do? "They are all dressed up and nowhere to go."

Now you laugh about that, but it is a tremendously interesting thing in history. Do you realize that there is being tried to-day an experiment that is new in the world's history, that has never been tried before on a big national scale, and it is working? I mean passive resistance. It is so baffling to the French that the one and only thing that M. Poincare is crying out to the world to-day is, "Call off passive resistance, and then we can begin to talk further." But that would really be only getting back to last January. It baffles them, nobody knows how to meet it.

The question is being asked by millions of people, "If the great French army is helpless, what is the use of having it? Why pay the bill for an army if it can't accomplish anything?" That is interesting working people over there very much and the working people of Germany see that vision. The rest of the world has not seen it.

They said to us over and over again, "Don't you Americans see this—the possibilities of non-violence?" They think they are like zealots in a new faith, carrying out something that is worth while as a grand experiment. Mr. Cuno said to us that the one and only hope that Germany had was to have no violence.

"I did not go down there, as the French said, to oppose them; I went down there to tell the people the very word that had come really from the people themselves, that their only hope lay in non-violence; if there was any violence that trouble would immediately start; they must keep the men busy so that they would not be in idleness and not be tempted to violence."

He is a person of great *naivete* who thinks an order from Berlin can call those people off. They are absolutely united. They have a new purpose to live for. It is a desperate situation. They do not know what is coming out of it. But the thing they do see is their coal mines being invaded by foreign bayonets. They are right together, officials and people, master and man, father and son. The other day there was a little boy standing beside a French general's car that was in trouble. The chauffeur was underneath and the general said to the boy, "Take this monkey-wrench and pass it in there." And the youngster straightened up and said, "My government forbids it!" They get a little fun out of it, too. When Essen was occupied a wag put up a notice purporting to come from the French general as a *communique:* "To-day three brave battalions of French troops captured Essen, with three machine guns, five howitzers and two tanks, and took possession of one railway station, one post-office and a fruit stand."

What are some of the conditions in Germany? Of course inflation is the thing that comes before everybody's mind. The inflation has affected everybody in the country from high to low. The other day I bought in Essen a fountain pen and paid 68,000 marks for it, which would have been $17,000 to the German cutting coupons and getting his dividends. To-day I reckoned up at the present price of twenty-five cents for 1,000,000 marks that that pen would cost 3,000,000 marks to a German. A person with a fortune of 1,000,000 marks is worth one-quarter of a dollar to-day over there. It does not take a great deal of imagination to picture what it means to the people. There may be a few Stinneses just as there are a few Henry Fords and Morgans in this country, but there are millions of other people who have not taken the opportunity as profiteers to exploit the situation.

Take that old pensioner at Krupp's in that wonderful little village where each one had his little house and six hundred marks a year. Those six hundred marks a year to-day would hardly buy a part of a postage stamp. Just think of it! It certainly would not buy a cup of coffee in a restaurant—a whole year's income. That man is an absolute pauper. And I was told that there are now no less than 6,000,000 people in Germany absolutely dependent on the Government, just like this old pensioner. And last year more than 400 institutes, hospitals, orphan homes and so on had had to close because of loss of income.

Take a person in the middle class, a German on our child feeding committee. His little fortune that he had inherited had put him through the university. He had a start in life, was married and had a government position. He, like everybody, was living from hand to mouth—not five minutes ahead of his necessities. Everybody's wages are adjusted every two weeks as the index value of the mark goes down and nobody knows whether the readjustment is going to come soon enough to pay the increased prices, they rise so rapidly. And that fellow told me that if he spent every cent of his entire fortune, not income, but principal, it would not have kept him ten days—it would not have kept him ten minutes now—absolutely wiped out. He and his wife are living in two furnished rooms. They have long since given up all hope of buying furniture, and as for having a child, it was out of all possibility—they could not afford it. And the prospect of life that they had was that of thousands of young families.

Take a person in the rich walks of life. Take Mrs. Alfred Krupp, the widow of the famous Alfred and the mother of Bertha. She was left a fortune of 500,000 marks a year—one of the richest women of Europe. Do you know what that means to-day? I think it is twelve and a half cents a year. When I was over there a few weeks ago she was already selling, according to a friend of hers who told me, her silverware and her rugs and that sort of thing. Perhaps Bertha could have helped her a bit, but she had all she could do to keep her men employed and find the money to pay them. It is, of course, an enormous task to every manufacturer to get credit and keep his men employed if he can not sell his goods. He can not sell his goods in the occupied parts without paying that ten per cent tax to the French and that they won't do, so they hold their goods. It is a race of nerves and credits to see who will outlast the other fellow in this crazy game.

And one of the results of this inflation is, everybody tries to get rid of his money. If you had $1,000 in the bank to-day and knew that next month it would probably be only $500, would you sit still and let it melt away? Of course you wouldn't. You would spend it as soon as you could. If you were a servant girl you would buy the best dress and hat you could find for the money; if you were a farmer you would buy a machine. If you were a manufacturer you would add to your equipment. There has been no incentive to save money, on the contrary everybody tried to get rid of it. And this did make a demand and stimulate industry, which did make the smoke come out of the chimneys which these tourists who are such great observers of facts always note, but of course it had no possible bearing on the problem of how Germany could make increased external payments for reparations.

I am not going to dwell on that, nor on the assertion that the German capitalists are sneaking money out of the country and investing it abroad. I think the estimates in England say it is about a billion dollars, which would be very nice to get and apply to the reparations if we could turn bolshevik and seize it. But it is rather difficult to readjust our ideas of private property so that we feel free to do that. If you preach one doctrine to Russia you don't want to practise another doctrine yourself.

There are two questions which I put to everybody I could in Germany, and I believe I had an unusual chance to get a good cross-section. I did not talk to Communists on the Left, ten per cent of the population, nor to the old military class on the Right, another ten per cent, but to the great middle class in between,

eighty per cent, people like you and me. I asked them first:

"Are you willing to pay or are you trying to duck out of it, as so much of the world seems to think?" And, secondly,

"What is your real desire? Do you want to get back at France once more with feelings of revenge to try and square accounts? If that is so, then the world is going to make it so that France has a right to go to sleep at night, and we want to find first of all whether the feelings of France are justified or whether they are more or less worked up on her own account through fear."

To the first question I got the same answer from all kinds of people. I went across in the ship with one of the big German syndicate heads, and also a director of the Stinnes crowd. I had long talks with them. I went to workers; I had a long talk with the head of the Miners' Union in the Ruhr who represents scores of thousands of coal miners, and also with the secretary of the Workers' Council at Krupp's, a young man who represents 53,000 working men. I talked to little officials and big officials all the way up to Mr. Cuno.

The invariable answer I got was, 'We know we have to pay and we want to pay and get rid of it and get it behind us and get on in the world. It means years and years of privation and suffering to us and to our children, but we want to get something settled and be done with it. But the settlement that has got to be made now must be a mutual settlement and something that is within our power to carry out."

Mr. Cuno said, "I will not sign what we can not do, and what we do sign we will carry out." And he went on further and said, what has been made public, as you know, "We stand ready to agree to what your Mr. Hughes has suggested, that an impartial commission shall re-assess our power to pay if you do not think that what we already have suggested and are going to suggest is enough, and we stand ready in advance to abide by that and to carry that out. Now what more can we do?"

Well, what more can they do? One reply is, "Why have somebody else besides the Reparation Commission?" The Reparation Commission is made up absolutely of interested parties, and it has never been what it might have been if America had kept its official vote and held the balance of power. The method of justice that people generally have followed in the world is not to take interested parties and have no appeal from what they say, and let them be their own judge, jury and executioner. We usually have a tribunal in which both sides can be heard and the case settled in a judicial way. Mr. Hughes, as we ripened into a greater sense of justice than was possible at the time of the making of that treaty, has made the suggestion that an outside commission of experts should assess the real paying power of Germany, and that is the hope and the only hope of injecting common sense into the reparations situation.

About the other question. I am going to give you what the real workers in the Ruhr said to me. They said: "We are done with war. We do not want any more bayonets, French or German. War only benefits the capitalist class, even if it benefits them, and we have been exploited enough and we do not propose—as the American phrase would be—to be played as 'suckers' any longer. We are not going to stand for this thing any more. Most of us are pacifists, now, and we don't want war in any shape or form."

That is borne out by what actually happened in the Krupp works in regard to two howitzers that were in process of manufacture for Brazil at the outbreak of the war. When the war came they were requisitioned for the German army. After the war the firm tried to fill the order and started again to make the two guns. Immediately there was a strike in the works and the workman would not turn a lathe or do a stroke of work on the guns. Finally, the only way the firm could get the order finished —and I got this from the guide, who was an ex-army officer, as well as from the working men—was by getting the affidavit of the British member of the Interallied Disarmament Commission to the effect that this was an uncompleted order before the war, that the firm was under contract, and that the guns were going outside of the country; and with that the working men finished the job, but didn't like to do it then.

And here is something else significant. The workers—who form 80 to 90 per cent of the German people to-day—issued in their newspaper *Vorwarts*, when the Ruhr was first occupied, the following appeal to the world: "We are passing a milestone in history. The attempt will be made to prove that determined passive resistance can not be conquered by armed force. We appeal to the friends of peace in the world to help us to conquer war, to obtain peace through a bloodless victory and to build up a new Europe where right shall reign." Is that what we get out of our newspapers?

Now I do not say that the Germans have suddenly turned saints, but I do say they are just about like the rest of us. They have had enough of this thing. They know what war means and they know that a new war is not going to bring anything to them, that is, the majority of them. The old military class do not talk so, but the average person you meet says: "We are glad we are disarmed and have not the temptation to go back again and fight once more. But why is not the rest of the world disarmed, too?" What the French are doing to-day is to play right into the hands of that old military class and to create again the very thing they are afraid of.

What did the Chancellor say? Mr. Cuno proposed on December 31, 1922, that France and Germany should sign an agreement, and have the United States as stakeholder, or any other nation, to the effect that there should not be any war for any cause for a generation. "Further," he told me, "I will say that we will agree that we will never have a war for all time unless we have a vote of the people through a plebiscite—and that means never, because *no people would ever vote for war.*"

Mr. Poincare says the French constitution does not provide for a plebiscite; and neither does ours; but to bring that about may be one of the lines on which we shall work for peace, so that no little group of men, as Mr. Philip Kerr has told us, could again make it possible for war without a vote of the people, and while the vote was being taken there would be time

to cool off and some other kind of settlement to be made."

Mr. Cuno remarked to me, "We must have a new spirit among nations, and with a new spirit new things are possible." And I said: "Have I come to Europe to hear that from a German? Isn't that what our boys of the A. E. F. went over for—a new spirit in the world, a change of situation?" Are we going back, down into the valley once more, or are we going on to the heights with a new spirit? That word of Mr. Cuno found an echo in my heart and I believe if it could be made to reach the heart of every good person in Europe and France and all over the world there would likewise be the same response if the hindrances of politics could be removed.

What is going to come out of it all? Certainly nobody can tell how long this passive resistance is going to last or what its end is going to be. The bluest man I saw over there was our own Ambassador in Berlin, who was deeply affected by it, and he felt that Mr. Cuno could not last longer than August—and when Cuno should fall he did not think any one could stay longer in his place. There were three possibilities which he suggested.

Germany might yield and France might walk all over her and have anything she wanted. The question then would be, "What next?" Making peace in Berlin or going into the Ruhr does not change economic laws. And such a situation will not make for the peace or reconstruction of Europe and the world.

The second possibility was that it might be Ireland over again, the disarmed people fighting with clubs and the French using "Black and Tan" methods and having to spread themselves all over Germany to try to put down disorder, and of course finding it hopeless, resulting in nothing except losses and troubles to both.

And finally he thought that Communism in one form or another was almost a certainty before the snow flies. The Germans argue, if Communism does come, if the dam breaks that holds it back from the East—and it would not necessarily be the same as the Russian form—it would sweep probably nearly all over Europe and would not stop with Germany alone. And if the old order ceases and the new order begins, the Germans will have just as good a chance as any other race to emerge into whatever that may be. Nobody can predict. It is a most dismal prospect. I do not want to be an alarmist, but I have been expecting every day to read in the papers the beginning of the crash.

We Americans are close to this thing. We can not be out of it. The lowering of the scale of living of scores of millions of people as is happening to-day and will happen vastly more if the crash comes, means business disaster to us. Millions of people are going to go hungry. France herself will be forced to face a financial situation that is unpleasant to picture. Over here we are going to have to readjust ourselves to very much less sales of cotton and copper and wheat and other staples which we now send to Europe. From a selfish standpoint alone we are deeply interested in it, tremendously interested in it, not to speak of the higher side. And I believe there *is* a higher side. Everywhere in this country there is a void in our hearts. What did we go into the war for? It was for a great purpose in the world, not simply to change the color of the uniforms in Europe and have just as many men under arms as before even with Germany disarmed. Once we had real ideals. Those ideals are still in our hearts. We know perfectly well that the job has not been finished. We backed out and the job has been going on without our assistance in any way except in the magnificent and superb work of relief, for which praise can not be given too much. But that is not enough. Charity is just a drop in the bucket. Those ideals have not been accomplished and we must somehow get back into the game, to use the great credit resources and the great moral resources of America to help bring this deadlock to an end. Lord Curzon has said, "Germany is rotting to ruin." She is, and she is not going to rot alone.

What can we do, humble citizens as we are?

1. First of all, we can *clear our hearts of hate.* That is the fundamental thing. And I am just going to throw in in parenthesis a word to tell you how love works. Take this child feeding work in Germany, a former enemy country. People say: "Why should you go over there? The more of those little vipers that die the better." But you know Christianity works if you try it. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." We went over and fed as many as 1,050,000 German children a day at the peak of the load. Our workers went into every part of Germany. There is not a home in Germany, from that of the President down to the humblest laborer's hovel, that an American could not enter and be welcomed because of that child feeding. Love always works and Christianity will work if you have the courage and the faith to put it into practise. The hardest-hearted German over there, with hate in his heart, when he found that little child of his coming back from school one day, having been examined by one of the best doctors in his town and fed with foreign food, asks, "Who did that?" "America did it." And the next day the child is fed a little more and the color begins to improve and the child gains in weight. Do you think that father is not affected?

The way to get rid of any enemy is not to kill him; it is to help him, and if you help him he is your friend forever. That is what I mean when I say clear our hearts of hate. Put Christianity into practise, and absolutely get on a new moral basis.

2. Let us all realize that we have got to get *behind our Government in some constructive foreign policy.* Here we are, drifting—and we have got to get our government into it; we must absolutely make it necessary for Mr. Hughes and the rest of them to take the step. The sin I impute to Mr. Hughes is, he knows all these facts—I know that from the conversations I have had with our representatives in Europe—and he has not been telling the American people of them right and left so we will be prepared for the great step which he must have in his heart some day to put forward. Pray God the day has not passed, but we have got to get back once more under some great moral leadership. We are not going to be frightened into it or scared into it or bamboozled into it. The only way in which the American people will ever do this is by being *led* into it with a great moral leadership with the opportunity

of doing something great for the world and making another generous sacrifice.

I believe we will rise to the occasion as we did rise in 1917 and 1918. Ideals in peace call us just as much as they did in war, and we must face them and do our duty. And we have in our hands that leverage of the interallied debts that gives us a power that no nation in history has ever had in like amount before. With that in our hands we could practically get—and it may be a bold statement for a business man to make when standing in the presence of statesmen and politicians and others who know a great deal more than he—but I believe we could get nearly anything we wanted in Europe if we knew what we wanted ourselves. Then we could simply say, "We are prepared to go into a world conference and help to settle simultaneously the three great things that now hang over the world and stand in the way of settlement and real construction—namely, reparations, interallied debts and disarmament." Those three things must be simultaneously settled, and we can play one off against the other under our great leadership if we are agreed among ourselves and our people are ready for the sacrifice that would be necessary.

That thing has to be done by great leadership. It would call for the greatest sacrifice that has ever been made in American history. We could do it if we saw something coming for it, a *quid pro quo;* but it would be the greatest act of generosity in history if we went into it with the knowledge that we must sacrifice something to settle things. My appeal is that we shall go about it in this spirit.

3. We must also throw ourselves into the World Court. It has never been a political matter; it has always been a part of American ideals, and we must take our place alongside the other factors that are trying to bring about a better public feeling, a substitute for war. You know what that old rhyme says:

> "War—What is it after all the people get?
> Why, widows, taxes, wooden legs and debt!"

That is the sad story. The politicians do not like to tell the people that, but it is the bitter truth and it has got to come out sooner or later that nobody has won. Somebody may call it victory, but nobody has won; it is a common loss to the whole world. We have got to face it and stand the loss.

4. Fourth, we must go into the League of Nations. We can go into the League of Nations to-day very differently from what it would have been before. I was one of those who opposed doing it, not because of the League, because that was the good part of the damnable treaty—excuse my language—a treaty of strangulation and violence that carried no peace with it and has no peace in it and never can have! Thank God we are not helping support that treaty now; that we stood aside to let it totter to its own death. But now we can go into the League free from the entanglement of carrying that treaty, to correct its errors and injustices, practically on our own terms, as Lord Robert Cecil has suggested. Thus we can try to bring together once more the people in every land who are striving for a better day and who are trying to bring about these very ideals that the boys died for and sacrificed for and all the people everywhere in all the countries thought they were going to get as the result of the war.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

A distinguished Englishman has been writing for the *Churchman*, New York, a series of interesting articles on "The American Pulpit." Dr. Leighton Parks, Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dr. Karl Reiland, Dr. Percy Silver, Dr. John Kelman, Dr. J. Howard Melish, and Dr. Percy Stickney Grant have been studied in action in their pulpits and described. There has been an honesty and an insight in the articles which has been most remarkable. Few have been praised as highly as Dr. Fosdick in the article following.

THE First Presbyterian Church of New York, so it was reported the other day, is about to provide itself with a fire-escape. A waiting-room might seem to be of more immediate urgency. Without it the crowd that begins to form in line on the sidewalk half an hour before the beginning of the service is likely to undergo some doleful experiences next winter. The church authorities appear scarcely to have learned as yet how to deal with a throng of outsiders. Seat-holders might, at any rate, be expected to make the concession of giving up their title to their pews if they fail to be in their places five minutes before the hour. At present the whole building, upstairs and down, is their exclusive preserve until after eleven o'clock has struck, the organ voluntary has ended, and the three ministers have filed in. It does not promote a devotional frame of mind in a stranger to have it so rubbed in that he is there only on sufferance.

I found the gift of patience necessary not only during the preliminary waiting but during the first hour of the service itself, which proved rather tedious. The quartet choir treated us to an operatic version of "My faith looks up to Thee," which I had never heard before and have no desire to hear again. We were not allowed to say "Amen" after joining in the recital of the Lord's Prayer, but had to remain silent while the quartet performed a little twiddle of its own. The congregational singing, too, was disappointing. Whittier's lines,

> "The last, low whispers of our dead
> Are burdened with His name,"

are not rendered intelligently when they are sung *fortissimo.*

It must have been an inspiring sight that greeted Dr. Fosdick when he went up into the pulpit at twelve o'clock. Not only was every pew occupied, but there were persons standing along the gallery walls, some were sitting on the chancel steps, and there were rows of faces peering through the divisions of the screen near the vestibule. The preacher announced that he intended to speak on one of Paul's greatest descriptions of what it means to be a Christian. He

then gave out as his text Galatians 2 : 20: "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "It is one thing," he began, "to say in a vague and general way that we believe in Christianity, and another to have a clear and convincing idea of what Christianity really is." He then proceeded to state and discuss succinctly the various theories of Christianity that are popularly held. There was first the dogmatic, which would reduce it to a system of logically interrelated ideas. Some one had even said recently that we must accept the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed in the very sense in which their words were originally written. Sometimes this system of logically interrelated ideas was modernized, "but there are many of us," commented Dr. Fosdick, "to whom no such system, ancient or modern, constitutes real Christianity. We have experiences and convictions too great for any form to comprehend." Next came the ecclesiastical type, which stressed the Church, as though an organized institution were an indispensable condition of Christianity. Sometimes it took a Catholic form, sometimes a Protestant. "But there are many of us," said the preacher again, "to whom no Church is thus the summary and the custodian of the Gospel and its unique exhibition." Then there was the sacramental or magical type, which proposed certain things that man could do to win the favor of God. Religion, as Dr. Fosdick showed by a miscellany of illustrations from all periods, had always largely concerned itself with this—with a thousand things external, liturgical, magical. "But there are multitudes of us," came once more the disclaimer, "to whom this is not Christianity. To us, ordinances and ritual are simply symbolic representations of the soul's unutterable aspiration and worship. These things may be an inevitable accompaniment of Christianity, but they are not Christianity itself."

Paul was perforce concerned about doctrine, about organization, about symbolism, but if he were asked what this new religion at its heart was he would always lead the questioner behind these things to the indwelling of Christ. In the New Testament Christianity was the reproduction in men's lives of the spirit and quality of Jesus. There were four things especially to be noted about this conception of Christianity.

In the first place it kept central, as it ought to be, the personality of Jesus. At the beginning all Christianity could have been summed up in the two words, "Follow me." There were some who did not like this conception of Christianity. It was too simple and homely, and they wanted something philosophical. If, however, the New Testament had primarily presented a mere philosophy of religion, it would have been dead and gone long ago. "Nothing in history," declared the preacher, "is so transient and ephemeral as these forms of our thinking. But life isn't. In our deepest experiences it is the most constant thing we know." At this point Dr. Fosdick drew an effective parallel with the Hallelujah Chorus, which was not supposed to be over and done with when Handel had written its score, but was meant to be reproduced over and over again by generations of singers. It was so with the life of Christ.

Secondly, it gave us the most convincing presentation of Christianity that there could be. The thing hardest to argue against was the kind of living that bows one down with reverence and awe. "One reason,' said Dr. Fosdick, "why it is so convincing is that there is nothing we need so much as a way of living—a way of living with ourselves, with our fellows, and with our God—a way that will put into our lives richness and peace; and Jesus gave it to us." On those occasions when he had himself an opportunity of listening to a sermon he noted a difference in the effect produced. "When the man in the pulpit argues with me about theology I agree or disagree, but I do not go away convinced and subdued. But when the preacher recreates the figure of my Lord and brings me under the spell of his spirit, then I am subdued and conquered." There followed an earnest and direct appeal to the congregation. "Do you know any way of living to compare with his, and are you willing to face up to Christianity in that, its most convincing, form?"

In the third place, this was the most challenging and adventurous of all conceptions of Christianity. "Some of you," said Dr. Fosdick, "may be concerned because I have been simplifying Christianity. But I have not been making it any easier. I have not been making the narrow gate any wider. This conception makes a serious business of Christianity." Anticipating the objection from some hearers that they had always taken Christianity in earnest, he recalled that when Jesus was on earth there were those who called him, "Lord, Lord," but he kept on insisting that they were not taking him enough in earnest. "Why call ye me, 'Lord, Lord,'" he asked them, "and do not the things that I say?" Several incisive applications were then made of this test. "It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish"—with child labor tolerated in the mills. "All ye are brethren"—with national hatreds, racial prejudices, and, within the white race, foolish ideas of Nordic supremacy. "Blessed are the peacemakers"—with men and women still as vindictive and bloodthirsty as before the war. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon"—with money being every day put above spiritual values. Was this taking Christ in earnest? "Imagine yourself," suggested the preacher, "standing outside Christendom. Look on Christendom and then look on Christ, and then say whether we are taking him in earnest."

"I am going to try, for my own part," continued Dr. Fosdick, amid a tense silence, "to take Jesus in earnest; to see clearly and apply courageously what there is in Christ. It will determine my attitude to war, for instance. When one takes Jesus in earnest he must see that it is absolutely and irrevocably un-Christian; that it is a more blatant denial of Christianity than all that atheists could devise. The more I ponder war, its causes, methods and results, its debasing welter of lies, hatred and cruelty, its horror when it is here and its futility in the end to produce any good thing, I find it increasingly difficult to imagine any circumstances under which I should feel justified in sanctioning or participating in another war." His hearers must make their own applications of what would be involved for them in taking Christ in earnest, but when they did they would find that

they were facing the most adventurous ethical task on earth.

Fourthly, this was the most humbling of all conceptions of Christianity. It drove man back on God. If Christianity were essentially dogmatic or ecclesiastical or ritualistic, he could do all that was required by himself, but if it meant reproducing the spirit and quality of Jesus, then he could not do it by himself. What stains were to be removed, and what sins to be overcome!

In conclusion, Dr. Fosdick pointed out what a different thing doctrine was when thus approached from the experience which this conception of Christianity required. In this way theology became vital, as it was in the New Testament, where one could find not a single abstract word. Jesus made men seek God, not as a theory to be discovered by their wits but as a spiritual resource turned to in their need.

This was a Fundamentalist sermon. It did not skim over the surface of religious ideas, but probed them to the depths. The preacher made no attempt to titillate the ears of his congregation by ingenious fancies or displays of rhetoric, though there were passages where the glow of his feeling found natural expression in language of real eloquence. He impressed one from the first as a man who did not trouble himself about mint and anise and cumin, but was primarily concerned about the weightier matters. The sermon was delivered not only with animation but with an impetuous rapidity which made note-taking difficult, but which helped to carry his hearers along in the full current of the preacher's thought. Altogether, it was a rare example of a combination of honest thinking, lucid utterance, unflinching courage, flaming passion and intense devotion to the Master. One could not but feel thankful that the Union Seminary possesses in its professor of Practical Theology a man who can instruct his students not only by precept but by example. Those who, in the name of religion, would close the lips of such a preacher are crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting him to an open shame.

Sarah Delia Cooper

MRS. COOPER passed to the higher life from her home in New York City on Nov. 24. She was born in Sharon, Schoharie County, N. Y., in 1835, the daughter of George A. Dockstader.

She moved to New York when about eighteen years old, and was married to Washington Lafayette Cooper in 1860. She was long a member of the Sixth Universalist Society and was especially active under the ministry of Dr. Pullman. In 1883 she transferred her membership to the Church of the Divine Paternity. She was a charter member of the Ladies' Aid Society, also of Ta Kala Society, and of the Fresh Air Fund, to all of which she contributed of her means and her personal service. She worked in the Divine Paternity Mission as a teacher and superintendent of the Industrial School for forty years. She was a trustee of the Chapin Home, to which she gave a chapel, endowed a room and contributed constantly. She also gave the Cooper Memorial Auditorium in the Oral and Dental College, endowed twelve beds in different hospitals and homes, and performed many other benefactions too numerous to mention.

The funeral services were held in the Church of the Divine Paternity on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton officiated and Dr. Frank Oliver Hall assisted. Dr. Hall said in part:

"The words of Jesus, 'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted,' were never better exemplified than at the present moment. We mourn the departure of a beloved friend, whose presence made this a brighter and a happier world, and at the same time we are comforted by the thought that she has found release from her long imprisonment and has entered into whatever joy God has in store for His faithful children. There is not the slightest doubt in the mind of any one present that Sarah Cooper deserved the highest happiness which any Heaven can afford. We may have doubts about our own salvation, or the salvation of many others, but there is no doubt about hers. She was "saved" a long time ago—long before I knew her, and I have known her for twenty years—saved from bitterness, saved from spite, saved from selfishness, saved from sin.

"Doubtless she might have done wrong, being a free spirit like the rest of us, but if any one should testify that he once heard this woman say an unkind or malicious word, or that he once knew of her doing a selfish or a cruel act, all of us who have known her intimately would retort, 'You are mistaken. What you say is impossible.' It is an amazing testimony to the character of this woman that the very thought of her doing a wilful wrong would never enter our minds. We might admit wrong doing on the part of any of the rest of us, and charitably try to find excuse for the deed, but we would not admit the possibility of wrong doing on the part of this old saint.

"I have known a great many good people in my time—good enough to satisfy a most critical and exacting judge—but any one of them might at some time impulsively express an unkind or perhaps a cruel sentiment, or thoughtlessly or even wilfully do some unworthy deed. But here was a woman who seemed incapable of unkindness even in thought, and utterly incapable of doing anything which she felt might injure any living creature. She was the best woman I ever knew.

"And we must not suppose that her virtues were negative, that she simply did no wrong. Her life is one long record of self-forgetful service. For more years than I know, from the time she was a girl up to the day she became too feeble for further activity, she worked among the little children of our Industrial School, and the aged people of our Chapin Home, at times performing services that no menial could have been hired to perform. She not only gave her money to support the work, she gave her time, her energy, her hands, her very eyes, to the service of others. I remember well how we used to protest and urge this gentle lady, upon whom the weight of years was gathering, to do less, to let some other perform the hard

tasks, but she kept right on quietly and serenely about her work. She paid for this service with the sight of her eyes, so that she spent the last years in darkness, but she never murmured or thought the price too high. Think of buying with your eyesight the privilege of ministering to a lot of people who had no claim upon you except the great claim of their common human needs.

"I would not have you think that she did all this from a sense of duty. She did not have any sense of duty. Her motive was love. Duty was swallowed up in love. 'The greatest of these is love.' 'When that which is perfect is come then that which is in part is done away.' Duty was done away in the sympathy and affection of this good woman's heart. She knew what Jesus meant when he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' She gave and gave and gave, and we are all richer for her constant giving, and so we agree to call her blessed.

"I can well imagine how shame-faced and frightened she would be if she could hear these words. She would put her gentle hand over my lips and beg me to stop. Well, I will stop. She does not need to be told, wherever she may be, how much we all loved her. She knew it, God bless her, and because she was surrounded by the love and good-will of many, many people, old and young, she could lie there in the darkness, knowing that she was daily growing feeble and must soon depart, and yet be happy; for the darkness was external. Within shone the light that never was on land or sea.

"There is ample room to doubt about most of us whether we are worthy of any better world than the very unsatisfactory one which we at present inhabit, but it was of Sarah Cooper and such as she concerning whom it was written, 'In the Father's house are many mansions,' and 'Come, ye blessed, enter into the joy of thy Lord.' "

The Marvelous Survival of Universalism

Henry Nehemiah Dodge

AS I meditate upon the long procession of the ancestors of the Larger Faith, who, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day, have borne witness to the ultimate triumph of Supreme Love, "without which," wrote Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, "none can live," steadfastly proclaiming, through the dark ages of strife and blood, the innate nobility of man's nature, his kinship to God, and his high destiny when the educational experiences of the earth-life are merged in the life to come, I am filled with wonder at the perseverance of this lofty conception.

Against it have been arrayed the strength and hatred of Pagan tradition, the ban of organized Christianity, and the anathemas of infallible Councils. The terrors of the Inferno have engaged the genius of the world's greatest art. Over the gates of Hell wrote Dante: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here." The magic of Milton's verse makes real the horror of the abyss, and on the frescoed ceiling of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, the very center, as it were, of the Roman Catholic world, the masterly art of Michelangelo portrayed the frightful scenes of the Last Judgment. Opposed to it have been minds so powerful as to leave their impress on the thought of Christendom from the early ages to our day—fifteen hundred years of shadow on "the early radiance."

For this belief its heroic advocates have suffered loss of fellowship, social ostracism, prison and banishment, sword and the fiery stake. That it should have been handed down to us by such a feeble folk—feeble in number but mighty in spirit—chosen of God as its champions against innumerable foes in high places, is well nigh miraculous. Our noble pedigree is indeed a wonderful pedigree! The offspring of the Fathers are now in every church, the leaven they hid, with tears, is leavening the whole lump.

Those dauntless souls who, loyal to their Lord,
Refused to bow the knee at error's shrine,
Who scorned release at cost of truth betrayed,
Counting one man with God a greater host
Than armed multitudes upholding wrong;
Unconquered by the rack, or flame's fierce breath,
The tiger's cruel fangs, the lion's fury,
Thought it but gain to die, so truth might live;
Meekly the shame and agony endured,
As seeing Him who is invisible.

If the preservation of this vital truth by the word of living witnesses is marvelous, so also is its conservation in the Scriptures, in spite of the many hands inhospitable to it by which the Bible has been transmitted to us. This was clearly seen by John Murray when he wrote: "The Bible was translated by fallible men. Those men had, no doubt, a system of their own, and they could scarcely forbear a bias in favor of their own sentiments—and, by the way, as I do not know that the Bible was ever translated by a Universalist, it appears to me wonderful that a number of passages that so strikingly declare this God-honoring truth should be continued, and that too in an unmutilated state. I think a result so happy for the believer must have been effectuated by the interposition of the overruling spirit of truth. In fact, this circumstance appears to me as great a miracle as any which the sacred volume records."

It is indeed wonderful how tenaciously men have clung to the belief that *God is good*. In spite of the inscrutable mystery of evil and the appalling sorrows and tragedies of life, the human heart clings to the belief that *God is good*, and this, too, even where there is no conception of the absolute supremacy of Divine Love. Intuitively the Divine within us feels after the Divine Source of our being, and will not be denied.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

. . . . . .

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Montreal Ticket

ONCE upon a time I rode upon a Train. And I spake unto the Ethiopian, saying, I am to sojourn in Lower Eight, Car 271.

And he said, Yessah, and took my bag unto Lower Eight.

And presently the Two Conductors descended upon me simultaneously, and I gave unto each of them a ticket.

And the Train Conductor said, Syracuse, Lower Eight. And he placed my ticket in an envelope and tore off the flap and gave unto me.

But the Pullman Conductor said, This ticket readeth not Syracuse but Montreal.

And it was even so. For the man who sold tickets had made a Mistake, and sold me a Montreal ticket instead of one for Syracuse.

And the two Conductors spake concerning the matter. And they said, The price is the same, and the Ticket Man made a mistake. Howbeit, so far as the Price is concerned, it maketh no matter.

And the Pullman Conductor said unto me, I am sorry, but I do not see how I can accept a Montreal ticket for a Berth to Syracuse.

And I said, I would not have thee violate any rules. Howbeit, let us reason together. Is not this Car Number 271?

And he said, It is even so.

And I said, Is not this Lower Berth NumberEight?

And he said, Sure thing.

And I said, This ticket of mine calleth for Berth Number Eight on the Lower Deck, and in Car Number 271, and my railroad ticket calleth for my delivery in Syracuse. Now, therefore, I will trust the train conductor to deliver me at Syracuse, and I will confidently rely upon thee to see that I get a sleep in Lower Eight in Car 271, and both the Railway and the Pullman Company will have each of them its due reward. And if they shall decide to run this train around by Montreal for the sake of using that Ticket, I have no objections so thou land me in Syracuse.

And the conductors spake unto each other, and said, This precise thing hath not happened unto us before. Montreal is far away and upon another railway, and yet the fare is the same as to Syracuse, and the Ticket Seller made an easy mistake. But it mattereth not to any living soul. Come, let us forget it, and let this man go to bed, while we go about our business.

And I said, Ye speak like Gentlemen, Good night.

Now as I went to bed, I thought, This is a problem greater than that which was submitted unto the wise King Solomon, for it would not answer to cut me in two. The whole of me is to sleep to Montreal, where I shall not go, and all of me is to be put off this train at Syracuse. Even so, I should worry. And I went to sleep.

Now there be many folk whose transportation readeth in one direction and whose slumber headeth them in another. For there are men whose head goeth one way and their heart the other, or whose spirit headeth in one direction, and whose flesh is quite of another intent. Even so the blessed Saint Paul found that when he would do good evil was present with him, for one of his tickets was for Syracuse and one for Montreal.

And as I wakened in the morning, I considered and said:

But he who keepeth on life s Main Track, and headeth in the Right Direction, need not long perplex himself over Life's Antinomies. He may both lay himself down in peace and sleep, for God maketh him to dwell in safety, and bringeth him at last unto his journey's end in peace.

And as I thought these thoughts, the Ethiopian tugged at the lower sheet of my berth, and said, Time to get up for Syracuse.

* * *

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH AGAIN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

It is interesting to note the implication contained in Mr. Ernest J. Bowden's letter to you, published in your issue of Nov. 10, that "with thousands thronging past" the Community Church (administered by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes) on a Sunday evening in the month of September, 1923, *the church was closed because it could not gather from that multitude people of the Community Church type.* As a simple mathematical proposition the figure "thousands" is rather startling! But to imply that any church in the city of New York where "thousands" pass by needs only to open its doors to "bring them in" is more startling still!

As a matter of fact, however, the Community Church does draw into the portals of its doors and the seats of its auditorium, "thousands" of eager, interested folk, and not because the church is of a "selective" character, but primarily because it is undenominational and educational, as well as inspiring.

For the information of your readers please state that this same Community Church held services every Sunday morning throughout the summer months, averaging congregations of over three hundred to a thousand or more. Excepting for the months of the summer, evening Forums are conducted in the church. Had Mr. Bowden been in the city the first Sunday evening in October he would have been able to enter a church literally packed to the doors.

The Community Church type of people need no especial defense, being much the same as people in any other church, differing only in a stronger desire to spiritualize humanity, so that earth may become a happy homeland for men and women and children, brothers and sisters, the children of one Heavenly Father.

Lillian A. Garing.

* * *

A VACATION—WITH VALUE

A Minister in a Metropolis

I have vacations all through the year. Every time my mind goes to green fields and pastures new, that time is rightly called vacation. For do I not vacate my ordinary and well-worn routine of thought as completely as though I had flown to another world? My vacations in the months between September and July are mostly had in my great morris chair. Into it I settle, stick up the foot-rest, and put my weary feet upon it, and pick up my ticket, and it's all aboard for the undiscovered land.

Do you know what a wealth of tickets are awaiting you, to be bought, or, perchance, borrowed from the library? Most of us have half a dozen at a time on our reading tables, waiting for us to use them for the various trips.

When I buy a ticket from some one I know as a friend, the whole trip is especially happy, for I have his presence with me all the way, and every one knows how much better it is to travel with a real friend than to travel alone. So, whenever a friend works out a new trip along the mountains, valleys or hillsides of human life, I mean to buy, beg or borrow a ticket for it, and take the trip at once.

Last week I took one of these trips, and an unusually delightful one it proved to be. I received the ticket at the hand of a great and true friend. I boarded the morris chair, put up my feet (there is no sign in my domain, "Passengers *please* keep their feet off the seats!") and away I sped. In the twinkling of an eye I had left the turmoil and smoke of the great city far behind, and was out in the countryside, with real fields and wood lots on every hand, and, best of all, real homes dotted here and there. Room to breathe, to stick out one's elbows a bit, and do as one pleases! For we were on our way to visit a dear old friend of my friend's—Uncle Hezekiah of Gainsbury.

I found that Uncle Hezekiah was an elderly saint, confined to his wheel chair, which he used about the house and lawn of his farm home. His sister lives with him, and takes kindly care of all things about the place. The farm is managed by a loyal and efficient worker, who seems to know how to "go ahead with things," so that Uncle Hezekiah doesn't have to think very much about the farm work.

Driving the short distance out from Gainsbury, we come into the yard, under the big trees, and find Uncle Hezekiah already entertaining callers in the shady space of lawn near the front door. We are introduced, and find them to be Doctor Fairlake, minister of the Gainsbury church, Mr. Arnold, the superintendent of the Sunday school, and Miss Messenger, a teacher in the Sunday school. They are busy with the problem of little Tim Godfrey, so we sit down and listen. What an awful boy he must be! He has broken up the whole Sunday school with his antics. He threw gum and hit Deacon Simpson with it, square on his bald spot. He has spoiled the lesson period for his whole class. They are going to give him up, for the sake of the rest of the school. But they want to talk it over with Uncle Hezekiah first. Uncle Hezekiah hears it all, and at last he speaks.

"So you're goin' to give him his walkin' papers! Goin' to give him up ez a bad job! Leetle Tim! So you're goin' to let him go! I wonder just *where* he'll go!"

Uncle Hezekiah doesn't know where he'll go to, but he knows where he came from—an undisciplined family, "bright uns but bad uns, the hull tribe!" In his colts out there in the pasture he can see tricks and traits of their grandsires and granddams. He gives them "a leetle less whip an'a leetle more love." He hints pretty bluntly that church and Sunday school are for folks who need them, even those who need them worst. Then he quizzes the teacher, pretty Alice Messenger, and finds that all she has been doing is to study the lesson and teach the lesson. He gives her a hint of how to teach, not lessons, but boys. He makes other suggestions equally valuable.

The call is soon over, and the workers depart, with a new attitude towards little Tim. We wonder how Uncle Hezekiah, away from the active work of the school, could be so much wiser than the workers. But he does not tell us, and we have to make our own guess.

Such quiet peace and happiness as the days slip by at the Harbinger farm! Such good food for body, such blessed hours for reading, for thought, for earnest conversation! We soon discover that Uncle Hezekiah's chief interest is that Sunday school, down at Gainsbury. Again and again the workers come, and go away with more of love and wisdom for their task. He teaches them how to put the various workers in the right places, by means of wise nominations, how to keep young folks so busy that there is no time for mischief, how to make the school grow in membership. He reminds them of the dirt and clutter in the Sunday school rooms, and of their beginning late and ending late, but all in the gentlest way. His observations are so pertinent, however, and so well illustrated with homely analogies, that his hearers can not help seeing their way clear to do what he suggests, with great benefit to the school.

The Home Department is a surprise to him, but he sees its value instantly, and he and his sister are the first members. Another day we find, to our great delight, that these folks have a few ideas of their own about visiting other schools. They are not so slow, after all. They have been thinking along the same lines, and Uncle Hezekiah is happy to find them already planning to visit other schools, and to have good workers from some other schools to visit them.

We had not stayed long at the homestead till we found we were in a really religious home. Uncle Hezekiah kept his Bible near, read it often and understandingly, and referred to it often in any serious conversation. When the minister was among those calling on our host, he was usually asked to offer "jest a leetle word of prayer" before leaving. And, frequently, Uncle Hezekiah quoted some dear and well-known hymn, and perhaps asked them to sing it with him. Thinking on any problem in the work of his beloved Sunday school would bring to his mind some one of the great thoughts of the Bible, so thoroughly was he steeped therein. At the close of one long talk, Uncle Hezekiah laid his hand on the arm of the new superintendent, and I heard him say:

"They's a tex' of Saint Paul thet you might think on once in a while when you're considerin' your Sunday school an' its fixin's an' furnishin's. Jest take time to read a couple o' verses from Philippians to me."

So the lawyer, who had become the superintendent of this Sunday school, read aloud: "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Remember them words every Sunday," said our host, quietly. "Don't be content with the old things an' old plans an' old idees. Git the spirit o' progress. An' press forward."

But there was fun and humor a plenty, every day, and almost every hour. Such quaint things as our host would say. One day when we asked where his sister was, we got the following reply: "Randy's ben havin' en endurance race with a fly this afternoon, the last one on the premises, an' I guess she's a bit tuckered. But the fly—he ain't sayin' nothin'."

Too soon our visit came to an end, and we left reluctantly, regretfully, thinking of Randy's doughnuts, cake, berries and fruits, it must be confessed, as well as of Uncle Hezekiah's sweet words of wisdom to us and to all who came. We told him, as well as we could, for the lump in our throats, how worth-while every day of our vacation with him had been, and how much better we should now do our own Sunday school work. But he said:

"Say, that ain't nothin' compared to the joy we've hed in hevin' you here for this leetle spell. Do come agin, an' if you know any other folks who'd like to come up, just you tell 'em we'd be tickled to death to see 'em. You tell 'em for me, will yer?"

And I promised him I would tell the others, and took the train. And lo, I was in mine own room again, and a book lay in my hand, read, and my vacation, with its lessons and its fun, was over. But I want you to go out and see Uncle Hezekiah, for, once you do, you will love him the rest of your days. It will cost you, for of course you will pay your own fare, only $1.25, which is a very inexpensive trip. It will cost you a little time, but every moment of that time will be spent in the company of our great and true friend, Dr. Huntley, who will go with you in spirit all the way back. Your ticket can be purchased at the General Sunday School Association Office, 176 Newbury St., Boston, and it will read "Seeing Straight in the Sunday School." Buy one to-morrow, and use it any day you can take the time to make a visit to Uncle Hezekiah.

Home and Children

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Mrs. A. A. Derby

Dear Lord, kind Lord, merciful Lord,
I pray
Thou wilt give me health and strength
Sufficient for each day;
Help me to be grateful
For all thy mercies given,
Possess my soul with patience
Until I reach my Heaven.
Care for all my loved ones,
Keep them well and strong,
Help them choose the right path
And do no harm or wrong,
And all unkind and thoughtless words
Pray help me to forget.
And I will put my trust in Thee
Who ne'er has failed me yet.

* * *

THE CHOCOLATE PONY

FATHER and mother and Pinky and Bluey lived together in the sweetest little house you ever saw. Round it there was a fence with red roses and a gate that opened on a neat brick walk bordered with bright-colored flowers. The house itself was white with green shutters, and the front door had a shiny brass kno ker. Pinky was a little girl; Bluey was her twin brother; and they were called Bluey and Pinky because their mother had to dress one of them in blue and the other in pink so that people could tell which was which. On the afternoon of the day before the twins' birthday Pinky was swinging on the gate and feeling lonely, for mother and Bluey had gone to town and father was busy in the back garden.

"Something for Pinky and Bluey!" said the postman.

Suddenly Pinky was holding a fat round box in both hands. She slipped into the house and quickly unwrapped it. There in a pasture of shiny, green paper was a chocolate pony! It looked just like Pinky's own little brown Shetland pony, Lady Jane. Round the pony were all kinds of tiny chocolate animals, a cat, a rabbit, a rooster, a dog, an elephant. There was a card that said: "Happy Birthday to Pinky and Bluey from Aunt Mary."

Pinky could not take her eyes from the chocolate pony. It was fat and chunky and of a warm r'ch brown. Pinky felt it with the tip of her little right forefinger. It was smooth except for the rough groove in the tail and mane made to represent hair. Pinky took it out of the box and found that it was not flat on the other side but rounded, and that it could stand up on a little base, as a real pony stands on the ground. Pinky wondered how the chocolate would taste. It certainly looked good. She took a wee nibble from one of the perky little ears, hardly more than touching it with her tongue. That made her want more; so she bit off the whole ear and then the other one. Pinky found that she was hungry. Before she knew it the long, crinkly-looking tail had disappeared. Pinky ate the feet next, then the head, and in no time all that was left of the chocolate pony was its little round tummy.

Pinky gasped. The card had said, "For Pinky and Bluey." Half of that pony belonged to Bluey. She decided to leave the rest; but she felt guilty, for by rights Bluey should have seen the whole pony with its funny little ears and its long tail. So Pinky hid the box in the table drawer.

The more she thought of the matter the worse she felt. When mother and Bluey came home they were so interested in telling about their day in town that they did not notice how silent Pinky was and how little she ate for supper. She did not say a word about Aunt Mary's present. Bluey's dog began to sniff round the table drawer that evening, but Pinky quickly put him outside, and no one seemed to notice it. Poor little Pinky did not feel happy. The evening before her birthday too! She could hardly smile and kiss a thank you when mother took her privately into her bedroom and showed her the photograph album that they had bought for Pinky to give to her brother for his birthday present.

Mother said that Pinky looked tired and sent her to bed early, but Pinky could not sleep. Every time she closed her eyes hundreds of chocolate animals would parade before them, and she could smell and taste the sweet chocolate. The tears kept coming. If only Bluey could have seen the dear little pony when it was whole!

Early the next morning, lying in her bed, she saw father come to the door and look in. Bluey was sleeping soundly. Father grinned when he saw Pinky and beckoned her to come to him.

"So you can't sleep on your birthday morning," he said, wrapping a robe round her and lifting her on his shoulder. "Well, I have a surprise for you. Lady Jane has given you the first present of all."

Pinky held back the tears that almost squeezed out on her cheeks. Oh, if only he knew about Aunt Mary's present!

They were in the barn now. Father was showing her a Shetland pony baby, all soft and fuzzy and warm. Pinky forgot her troubles for a moment and squealed for joy.

"Promise me not to tell Bluey, father. Let me surprise him," Pinky begged.

"It's your pony, so that's fair," said father.

After breakfast Pinky led father and Bluey to the barn. She held Bluey's fat little hand tight, and she had winked hard behind Bluey's back at father.

When they came to Lady Jane's stall it was Bluey's turn to gasp. There beside Lady Jane was the fuzzy new baby pony with a blue ribbon round its neck from which a piece of white cardboard hung. It said: "For Bluey from Lady Jane and Pinky."

Pinky showed them the box of chocolate animals even to the tummy of the chocolate pony. Pinky's heart was beating fast. She had suffered for her selfishness.

"O Bluey, I'm so sorry about the chocolate pony; it looked so good," she said, hoping that Bluey would not be cross with her.

Bluey put one of his fat little hands on her shoulder and ran the fingers of his other hand through the soft fur of his new pet.

"Huh!" said Bluey. "Who wants a chocolate pony now! I'll call him Chocolate. How long before I can ride him, father?"

Pinky put two warm little arms round Lady Jane's neck and whispered, "Lady Jane, you're my friend." —*Maude Gray Best, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

SIMPLICITY

Of all the varied elements of human life simplicity is perhaps the one that charms us most deeply and permanently.

There is simplicity in thought. We like people to say what they mean, or, if they mean nothing, then to keep still, not wrap up nonentity in cloudy grandiloquence, which wearies ears and minds both.

There is simplicity in art. The elaborate has its place, large developments of phrase and color and ornament, magnificence and munificence. But what pleases us and holds us most and longest is the quiet, simple touch that comes from the heart and goes to it.

There is simplicity in life. Most of us are always seeking complications, wealth, luxury, remote and subtle pleasures, which allure us and elude us and deceive us. But when we are young we are happy with simple things, and when we grow old—and wise—we are likely to turn to simple things once more and to find that they content us.

There is simplicity in character, and it is needless to point out the charm and restfulness of it, the infinite comfort and security.

And of course there are elements of excess that injure simplicity as they injure other things. In the old country phrase "simple" meant "feeble-minded," and we all have a certain prejudice against simplicity in that sense. Also, there is what the French call so aptly *simplesse*, the effort at simplicity, the labored affectation of it, which is one of the most repellent things in the world.

The truth is that highly civilized, analytical, sophisticated spirits can not easily maintain simplicity. They may worship it, but they can hardly achieve it, or re-achieve it, in its exquisite white innocence and its adorable charm. But with a reasonable effort they can at least keep before them the ideal of eschewing the artificial, the elaborate, the pretentious, and of seeking, so far as possible, directness and lucidity of thought and the plain, substantial, satisfying, permanent interests of life.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT

Little Henry: "Mother, may I have a nickel for the old man who is outside crying?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, but what is the old man crying about?"

Henry: "He's crying, 'Salty peanuts, 5 cents a bag.' "—*Exchange.*

* * *

A CHRISTMAS POEM

THE poem which follows was sent us by the Rev. Rodney F. Johonnot, D. D., pastor of our church at Bellows Falls., Vt., who wrote:

"Very recently I ran across among my filings a Christmas poem written by Miss Emily C. Currier for our Sunday school's Christmas observance in 1903, at Oak Park, Ill., where I was for so many years pastor.

"Miss Currier died in 1908 and had at that time completed practically fifty years of service in the Chicago schools as teacher. She was a remarkable woman and no mean poet. The family came from Claremont, N. H., originally and was of staunch Universalist character. When Miss Currier died, being the last of the family, $4,000 was left to our church at Oak Park, Unity Church. When the new church was built a few years later, the old one being destroyed by fire in 1905, this money went into the new organ; and as an older sister, Helen, who died in 1903, had been for many years, in the early days of the church, the organist, this organ was named the Currier organ."

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Emily C. Currier

Merry Christmas now is here,
Happiest time of all the year;
All the world is full of cheer,
Happy day for all.

Every heart rejoice, and sing
Praises to your Heavenly King;
Ring the bells of Christmas, ring!
Ring o'er all the land!

Ring in peace, "Good-will to men,"
Angels sang the glad refrain
Echoed o'er Judea's plain,
Sang it long ago.

Rich in goodness, rich in love,
Sent to men from God above,
May we our allegiance prove
To our Saviour, Christ.

Yet I hear another song
Told to listening peasant throng,
"I have triumphed over wrong,
Victory is mine."

Children, as you gather here
In the church you love, so dear,
Know that you have nought to fear,
Save the fear of wrong.

He has brought the truth to light,
He has shown you what is right,
Do it, then, with all your might,
In the Master's name.

Right in thought, in word, in deed,
Right in living and in creed,
It is what the nations need,
Right forever more.

In Christ's footsteps let us tread,
Let us follow where he led,
Let us heed the words he said,
"I'm the Way, the Life."

Seek the truth and find the way,
It will lead to endless day;
Live the life, ne'er from it stray,
Live the life divine.

Teachers, friends, dear leader, too,
May this Christmas be to you
Full of blessings, old and new,
Blessings from above.

Make us thankful for our Lord,
For his life and living word,
Ever be his name adored,
Lord of light and love.

Anthems glorious let us raise,
God, the Father, let us praise,
Chant, to everlasting days,
Songs of grateful love.

So, shall every Christmas be
Filled with deeds of charity
Till we reach eternity,
And with angels sing.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

OUR GREAT OBJECTIVE

"Because of the rapid growth and ex-ansion of our organization, the machinery nd equipment for the maintenance of ur material work has necessarily and istly occupied much of our time and nought. We recommend that this be rought before our local circles that they ıay appreciate the increased scope of our ork; also that the circles be urged to lace greater emphasis on the spiritual nd educational side of our work which is, fter all, our chief objective."

The above recommendation passed in onvention is most timely in these days of ıpid transition, and worthy of serious onsideration, when so many things are rowding into our daily lives, so many orthy appeals being made, that we oft-mes miss the goal toward which our faces re turned, because of the lack of em-hasis that has been placed on the spiritual nd educational side of our work.

The plan for the reading contest pre-ented by Mrs. Cary will be most helpful ı this year's work, both home and foreign.

* *

MISSION STUDY READING CON-TEST

Let us have a mission study reading ontest throughout our parishes, under ıe auspices of the Women's National Missionary Association. Let us begin on ıe first of January, and read until Easter. et every Circle desiring to participate, ppoint a chairman with her committee of ssistants or promoters. Let them all ork diligently at the distribution of books nd magazines and at the work of encour-ging and inducing reading among all the eople of the parish. Let the chairman ake careful count of the points gained. et her submit her record to me immediate-y after Easter. These Circles which have on one hundred points or more will ave honorable mention, those gaining ıe highest number of points receiving a uitable reward.

Points will be gained as follows:

For the reading of one of the regular tudy books of the year three points each.

Creative Forces in Japan, by Fisher.

Women and the Leaven in Japan, by)e Forest.

Japan on the Upward Trail, by Axling.

Honorable Japanese Fan.

Leaves from a Japanese Calendar.

From Dream to Reality, by Osborn.

The Debt Eternal, by Finley.

The Child and America's Future, by towell.

Saving America.

Better Americans, by Manuel.

For reading other books about Japan nd the Child in America, two points each.

What Shall I Think of Japan, by Gleason.

What Japan Thinks, by Kawakami.

Working Women of Japan, by Gulick.

Crossing the Death-Line, by Kagawa.

The Faith of Japan, by Harada.

A Gentleman in Prison, by Ishii.

A Mustard Seed in Japan, by Vories.

The Breath of the Gods, by McCall.

The Lady of the Decoration, by Little.

Jack and I in Lotus Land, by Little.

Cruising Around a Changing World, by Van Schaick.

Philosophy of Play, by Gulick.

Training of Children in the Christian Family, by Weigle.

You Are the Hope of the World, by Hagedorn.

Child Nature and Child Nurture, by St. John.

Child Labor in the United States, Bulletin 114, Children's Bureau U. S. Dept. of Labor, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Character Training in Childhood, by Haviland.

For reading a number of one of the following magazines, one point:

Missionary Review of the World.

Asia.

National Geographic.

Everyland.

For reading aloud any one of the above Junior books or a copy of *Everyland* to a child, three points.

This list is long not to burden you with many books, but to give you a large assortment from which to choose. In addition to these, any book chosen from the Loan Library of the General Sunday School Association, dealing with the child, will count two points.

Maude Lyon Cary.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Bernice Kent, of Ohio, Kindergarten Worker at the Blackmer Home in Tokyo. Gifted Young American, One of the Two Sunday School Missionaries in Japan.

* *

GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE HELPER

We understand that Judge and Mrs. Galer have accepted.

It has been hoped that these two consecrated and gifted friends of the Sunday schools could find it possible to take up the work laid down by Dr. John Coleman Adams and jointly to serve as editors of the *Helper* and as authors of the lessons for the Senior Department.

They are admirably qualified for such tasks, both by scholarship and experience, as those who have read their articles and heard their addresses are quick to testify.

It is now reported that they have accepted the invitation extended by the Publishing House and will begin their labor with the second quarter of 1924.

We promise them something as they undertake this high service: the fullest measure of co-operation that the General Sunday School Association can give.

* *

SOME TREASURERS ARE PROMPT

We have received payments toward the International Missionary Offering from more schools than we had at a corresponding date of any previous year. That means two things, both highly desirable. One is that more schools have participated in this movement for world-wide brotherhood and the other is that more treasurers are developing the habit of promptness. It helps greatly if we can have the money as soon as the offering in the local school is completed.

* *

SUPERINTENDENTS' NOTEBOOKS

We want every church school superintendent to have one of our notebooks. New superintendents should endeavor to obtain these from predecessors, but when this is not possible, our Association will supply a new cover.

* *

SLOGANS

Most of our schools have already applied for the 1924 slogans. There are enough sets to supply all of our schools, but none will be sent without application. If your school desires the slogans, and has not yet informed us, ask your superintendent to send for them at once.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 16. Southbridge, Mass.

Dec. 27-29. Mid-Year Board Meeting, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dec. 31. All New England Get-Together, Portland, Me.

* *

NEW UNIONS THIS FALL

There has been the usual amount of activity during the past few months in the direction of the organization of new Unions. Two of the latest additions to the ranks of the organized young people of the church are at Salem, Mass., and Binghamton, N. Y. I have card reports of another new Union in Orange, Mass., but the birth certificate has not yet been properly recorded.

Each of these three new Unions is typical of an effective method of procedure. Only in Salem did the Director have anything to do with it except by correspondence, suggestion and absent treatment. In the city of witches there is a minister, Rev. L. C. Nichols, who boasts that in only one church which he has served as pastor has he failed to have a working Y. P. C. U. So one of his first undertakings after assuming the new pastorate was to call the young people together, invite the Director to speak to them, and then in a couple of weeks, after the seed had had time to germinate, the organization was perfected. In the meantime, on an intervening Sunday evening, the young people of Salem had been invited to visit the Lynn Union and see an active organization in action. So now we have a new Union in Salem.

In Binghamton, when the former Union had grown up, a Junior Union was organized by Mrs. Charles Lamb, and now this Junior Union has grown to Senior age and been promoted, and Mrs. Lamb has organized another Junior of younger children.

In Orange an S. O. S. was sent to the neighboring city of Fitchburg, picked up by "Billy" Gibbs, vice-president of the state Y. P. C. U., who assembled the other Fitchburgers, and journeyed out to Orange to help in the work of organization and inspiration. If the Fitchburg Union imparted any of the spirit with which they recently entertained the State Y. P. C. U. Convention, the new Union in Orange will be a succes from the starts.

* *

THEY ARE THINKING

During the past few weeks, readers of this page of the *Leader* have had an opportunity to learn what some of the leaders in the work of the Young People's Christian Union are thinking about. Since the meeting of the General Convention in Providence they have been talking and writing among themselves, and they will continue to do so, working out a program for the Y. P. C. U., and thinking about what they will do when they become the Universalist General Convention, as the General Convention of to-day is the Y. P. C. U. of twenty years ago.

The young people are thinking hard and thinking seriously, and in their thinking there is no more agreement than there is among their elders. That is nothing to deplore, for truth has only been discovered through discussion growing out of differences of opinion. The Liberal Church has nothing to fear from people who think. The thoughtless may be indifferent, or may find their way into churches that do not encourage original thinking and freedom of investigation. But the more these young people in our Church and Christian Union think, and discuss among themselves and with their elders such questions as they have discussed on this page, the more they will have to contribute to the thought and life and progress of our Church, and the more they will have to contribute toward the establishment of righteousness and peace in the world.

They will be heard from again.

* *

THE EMPIRE STATE

My first trip into the field since the General Convention has brought me out here into western New York. The State Y. P. C. U. has definitely adopted the Thanksgiving holiday as the time for its annual Convention, and it has worked out well. This year's meeting was held at Middleport, not far from Niagara, but in spite of the long distances to be traveled from the eastern and northern sections of the state, the meetings were largely attended.

The State Convention of the Church is giving financial aid, and the money is being wisely used in making certain of the presence of a representative group of young people at these Conventions.

One of the chief matters of interest in the Convention was the award of the cup to the winner of the efficiency contest. No one has ever been able to advise a perfectly satisfactory contest by which to judge the efficiency of a religious organization, for there are so many elements in its work that can not be tabulated or compared. But this contest has many commendable features, and there was no difference of opinion that the winner of the contest, All Souls Union of Brooklyn, deserved the honor.

The tabulation on which the award was based showed certain interesting facts: there were three Unions this year that did better work than did the winner of the contest last year, and six that did better than last year's runner-up. These six Unions in the order of their standing are: Brooklyn, All Souls; Brooklyn, Good Tidings (the winner last year); Oneonta; Auburn; New York, Divine Paternity and Middleport.

Missionary Interest

Another interesting fact is that durin the past year the Unioners of New Yor State have contributed for missionar work, including Japanese relief, mor than twice as much as a year ago.

But this missionary interest does no mean any lessening of loyalty to the loca church. Cooperstown, for instance, ha contributed $225 during the past yea toward the support of the local church an repairs on its property. The Union o All Souls Church, Brooklyn, is to put in new floor in the social hall of the parish house at an expense of between five an eight hundred dollars. Other Union have done equally well, if their work ha not been so spectacular. The Christia Union is not only an invaluable trainin school for workers in the church of to morrow; it is a great helper in the life an work of the church of to-day, locally an denominationally.

Stanley Manning.

Perry, N. Y., Dec. 3.

For the Quiet Hour

Evidently, in order to be a manifestatio of Christ, we must be in some way lik him.

George Hodges.

Perhaps the reason why we have s little peace of heart is that we spend occasional week-ends in the conscious presence of God and do not return to it as our lodging place of rest and power. We ask God to wait for us while we are busy; we do not ask Him to be an active partner o all our work.

Isaac Edwardson.

The dissatisfactions and disappointments of life do not affect the man who has learned to find his supplies in God. Other hearts may be empty, but his is full; others may be fainting for very weariness, but he is full of buoyancy and vigor, so that he does not see when heat cometh; to him the world, though his place of discipline, is by no means the waste howling desert that it is to the man of the world; it is one apartment of the great Father's house, and in every part of that house there is, for the members of the family, "bread enough, and to spare."

W. M. H. Hay Aitken.

Our mistakes are our schoolmasters; our follies teach us wisdom; we acquire self-control by resisting our own disorderly impulses; the sense of imperfection and failure makes us less hard upon others and sends us toward the true Source of guidance and help. Thus our heredity from God gives us the victory over the weaknesses derived from our ancestors.

Charles G. Ames.

Among Our Churches

Vermont and Quebec Letter

Huntingville, P. Q.—Rev. J. Emery Coulter, who has been pastor at Huntingville for about a year and a half, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the parish at Concord, Vermont, and is ready at work. Mr. Coulter came to s as a lay preacher, his license soon being hanged to regular form and ordination aving been granted after a year of service. oming absolutely untrained in and unrepared for the work of the ministry, he as done good and effective work at untingville. He has entered into the life the community and that of the neighborg village of Lennoxville in many ways. ifted with a good deal of musical ability, e has been in demand for entertainments all kinds and has given freely of time d strength. With the experience which e has gained at Huntingville, he ought be able to maintain the traditions of the astorate at Concord, one of the oldest of r organizations. The Huntingville par- has voted to continue the work and preparing to call a pastor at once. * * **rattleboro.**—Rev. E. P. Wood is covergg a field which would make some of our d-time circuit riders blush for shame at e smallness of their task. Mr. Wood inisters and preaches to the parishes at uilford, Vernon and Brattleboro, Veront, and to the parish at Hinsdale, New ampshire. He has parishioners in New ampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts d covers a field for special calls for his rvices which includes half a dozen other rishes which we have not named. It asn't because he was overworking, but st because some malicious little germs ppened to be loitering around that he s recently been the victim of septic sore roat, laying him by for two or three eeks. Taken ill on Sunday morning, e men of his parish at Brattleboro rallied the emergency and took charge of the rvices, Vern H. Winchester preaching e sermon. The following Sunday the perintendent took charge of the serces, giving him the first opportunity to e the newly organized All Souls Church, e combination of the Unitarian and niversalist societies. It is quite evint that the new organization is a success. ne adequate church building and Suny school rooms make an equipment that worth while. While there may be mething to regret in the abandoning of e former Universalist church building a location served by no other church, t the present location is commanding d convenient. The carrying out of e service shows that neither organition has been over influential. The added richness of the service, the gowned preacher, the vested choir, the processional and recessional, show the influence of the Unitarian element, the cordial good cheer and fellowship of the congregation indicate that Methodist influence from which we Universalists in Vermont have never been quite able to escape, thank God. All in all, it seems as if the marriage of the Unitarian and Universalist organizations at Brattleboro were bound to work for the welfare of the kingdom. * * **Springfield.**—They have been having an awful time at Springfield. The church building has been torn to pieces and replaced. Rebuilding and redecoration have been the order of the day. Services have been held as best they might while the auditorium was being repaired. But the end is in sight. Within a short time the audience will be back in what will be one of the most beautiful and attractive auditoriums in Vermont. It is planned now to hold rededication services close to the beginning of the new year. * * **Chester.**—Rev. George W. Perry is back at the job of carrying on the work at Chester after his summer's work at Camp Eagle. Mr. George P. Lovell of Bellows Falls has been carrying on the work acceptably during Mr. Perry's absence and is now released for supply work. The Chester parish is one of the luckiest institutions we know of in the pastoral and preaching ability it is always able to call to its service. * * **Barre.**—The new pastor, Rev. Will A. Kelley, formerly of Lewiston, Maine, is at work in his new parish at Barre. In the reception recently tendered him by the parish, all of the ministers and churches of the city were represented. * * **A Great Loss.**—In the death of Grace E., wife of R. L. Richmond of Rutland, not only St. Paul's Universalist Church but our entire Universalist Church meets with an inestimable loss. Mrs. Richmond, possessed of great executive ability, was for many years a leader in the work of our church at Rutland. To this church her great love and devotion was given. As president of the Ladies' Aid, a member and officer of the Mission Circle, in the Sunday school, everywhere, her influence was felt. Anxious to help and able to work, she extended her activities to the state work of the Missionary Society and to many local organizations, most notably perhaps to the management of the Old Ladies' Home of Rutland. An invalid at the last, though she was compelled to give up active participation in the things she loved, she did not lose her interest nor withhold her advice. With a calmness which seemed to indicate a knowledge that all was well, she faced the end and was not afraid nor dismayed. Hers was a life it is pleasant to remember.

George F. Fortier.

Connecticut Letter

The Mid-Year Conference held in Bridgeport on Nov. 14 was one of the best we have had. The attendance was good and the program helpful and inspiring. The speakers during the afternoon were Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, Mrs. Maude B. Foster, Mrs. Mary I. Chamberlain and Mr. Carl Hempel. The speaker of the evening was Dr. Arthur W. Grose. Although without a pastor the Bridgeport people proved gracious and efficient hosts. * * It was exceedingly gratifying to have our Connecticut parishes so well represented at the Providence General Convention. Practically all of the parishes had delegates and representatives there. This means that practically all of our parishes had met their quota requirements. We are glad that we have such a good record. * * On Thursday evening, Nov. 22, the New Haven church members' annual reunion was held. There was a good attendance. Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin of Hartford brought a splendid message. Among the messages read from non-resident members was one from Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Lamb of Hinsdale, Ill. For many years before removing to Hinsdale these loyal friends of the faith were active and devoted workers in the New Haven church. Now nearing ninety, their good will does not diminish in the slightest and their confident hopes and expectations keep those in the home field up to a high level of endeavor. Another message that told of enduring loyalty was the one from Rev. Ella E. Bartlett from Birmingham, Ala. * * Your correspondent had the privilege of preaching at the Chapin Home on Nov. 11. He also conducted the communion service. It was a joy to meet the friends in the wonderful Home in Jamaica, L. I. Rev. Cephas Lynn and Rev. and Mrs. Hiram W. Smith were there to greet the preacher. * * On Nov. 24 Miss Ellen W. Sheldon was taken from our midst by the angel of death. For many years she has been one of the most faithful of members and workers in the New Haven church. Her death brings sorrow to our church family. * * On his way back to Chattanooga from the Providence Convention Rev. Geo. A. Gay stopped over a few days at Meriden to visit his mother. His home church people had the privilege of hearing him preach. In a get-together meeting he renewed old associations and delighted

his friends with his singing and the story of his mission work. * * In the Christ Crusade and Washington Memorial and Perin-Cate Home Campaigns the friends of the faith in Connecticut are bound to engage whole-heartedly. * * Friends will be glad to know that Miss Walker of our Bridgeport church is convalescing satisfactorily in the hospital. I am sure that the greetings and best wishes of her friends in the state go out to her. May she soon be fully restored to health and strength. The friendly visit of Rev. Hazel I. Kirk at the hospital was greatly appreciated by Miss Walker. * * We in Connecticut feel profoundly the great loss our whole church shares in the death of Dr. Frederick A. Bisbee, editor of the *Leader*. We rejoice in the faith which has the power to inspire a noble, heroic and fruitful life like that of Dr. Bisbee. Death does not take him from us. His influence abides and his life challenges us ever to do our best. * * On Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, Rev. E. A. Lewis was installed as pastor of the Stamford Church. * * Mrs. Hester B. Harding, for twenty-five years the faithful clerk of the Bridgeport church, entered the higher life on Friday, Nov. 23. The mortal part was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, on Nov. 26. The services were conducted by Rev. Owen R. Washburn of Marlboro, N. H., a friend of many years, assisted by Dr. F. A. Dillingham, a former pastor. Mrs. Harding was well known and loved by a large circle of friends. The heartfelt sympathy of our Connecticut people goes out to the two bereaved daughters. * * At Christmas time once more our Sunday schools will have the opportunity to help the children of the Near East. The need is now just as great and imperative as before. "They shall not suffer" is our slogan. Our offerings must be as large if not larger than last year. May this be a truly happy Christmas for us all.

Theodore A. Fischer.

New Hampshire Letter

Concord.—Rev. Harry F. Shook of Brunswick, Maine, has been called to the pastorate at Concord and will begin his work Jan. 1. Mr. Shook has done a splendid work in the parish which he is leaving and comes to Concord with every opportunity to carry on. The Concord parish is ready for a pastor and, if we are not very much mistaken, the city of Concord is ready for a leader along modern and progressive lines. It is difficult to estimate how far-reaching may be the influence of the Concord pastorate. The parish carries upon its list people from many surrounding towns and the liberal influence of the Concord church is felt over an exceedingly wide area. * * **Dover.**—Rev. Asa Mayo Bradley, who for the past two years has been non-resident pastor at Dover, has been compelled to give up this work by reason of ill health. Mr. Bradley has won an enviable position not only among the people of the Dover parish but in the entire city. The parish, at first inclined to be discouraged at the loss of its pastor, is working now upon a plan which it is hoped will give new life and activity. There doesn't seem to be much doubt that there ought to be room for a liberal church in Dover. This is becoming increasingly evident as some of the local pastors display funamentalist tendencies and others are appealing to the love of sensationalism and display. The location and the equipment of our church are most admirable. The loyalty of our constituency make it worth while to undertake big things. Some one will find the field at Dover well worth cultivation. * * **West Chesterfield.**—This parish has closed a fine season's work. Rev. Frances A. Kimball and her following have produced results well worth while. It is planned to continue the work through the winter by house to house meetings. The people at West Chesterfield think they have evidence that this not only is worth while as far as the church life is concerned, but that it is more than worth while to the individuals to whom the meetings are brought. The six months of resident pastorate has been so successful this year that the society has voted to hold eight months of regular services the coming year. The movement at West Chesterfield is the most promising rural movement that we have in New Hampshire and is bound sooner or later to result in all the year preaching with a resident pastor. And the best part of it all is that it ministers not only to one denomination but to all the people of the community. * * **Marlboro.**—The Greenwood Memorial Class of the Marlboro Sunday school has subscribed to the *New Hampshire Sentinel* for the benefit of the Superintendent. This paper covers a field in which there are more small Universalist parishes than in any other section of the state. Through the weekly coming of the paper the Superintendent is able to keep in touch with the activities of these parishes and to gain information otherwise impossible. We call this particular kind of mission work to the attention of other organizations of our young people throughout the state. * * **Berlin.**—At the recent parish meeting plans were made looking forward to new activity. W. H. Gerrish, treasurer of the society for many years, declined reelection, to the regret of many. New blood was added to the executive committee. The society will enter upon the budget system for the first time the coming year. Larger plans of work will require increased funds and an exhaustive every member canvass is planned for the near future. The pastor, Mrs. Wenonah Stevens Abbott, is in constant demand for addresses and lectures. While the parish is not in a position of complete safety as yet by any means it is none the less proving that there is a place for its work and we feel certain the rest will come. * * **Printing Outfit.**—At the session of the State Convention, the Superintendent called for several gifts from loyal Universalists to better equip his work. Among others he asked for a Junior Multigraph that he might be in better position to circularize his field. By the generosity of Robert L. Whitney, president of the New Hampshire Universalist Convention, this equipment has been placed in the Superintendent's office and the Superintendent is now learning the printer's trade. At an early date, he hopes to institute a regular series of bulletins by which our people shall be kept informed of matters of interest to all, which can be obtained in no other way.

George F. Fortier.

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Henry B. Taylor has been elected a member of the executive committee of six of the Federation of Churches of Connecticut. The Federation represents practically the entire population of the state and at their recent annual meeting in Hartford they voted to approve the participation of the United States in the World Court.

Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby will spend the winter at 26 Arlington Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Illinois

Marseilles.—Rev. E. M. Minor, pastor. The Sunday school has a larger attendance than it had last year at this time; the church services are not quite so well attended. We expect a better showing when the touring time is entirely over. During the past year we have repaired the building to the extent of a new roof and new interior finish including the floor. Other repairs will be made this year, including the painting of the outside of the building. In October we conducted a canvass for funds which was very successful. Our Mission Circle and two other women's organizations are alive and doing good work. The Fabians recently held a rummage sale which brought a small sum into their treasury. The Acheans, a much larger society, held their annual Christmas bazar and supper on Saturday, Nov. 27. It was a great success and netted the ladies about $210. The union Thanksgiving service of the four Protestant churches was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church this year The Universalist minister gave the address.

Maine

Brunswick.—The members of this parish have, with regret, accepted the resignation of Rev. Harry F. Shook as pastor, to take effect Dec. 31. Mr. Shook has received a call from the White Memorial Church at Concord, N. H., and thinks he should go to the larger field. Many people, in and out of our Brunswick church, will be sorry to see Mr. Shook leave this community, though all are glad to have him go forward. The trustees are already considering plans for the future.

New Hampshire

Concord.—This parish has extended a call to the Rev. Harry F. Shook of Brunswick, to assume the pastorate left vacant here when the Rev. Harold Niles went to Denver, Colorado, last summer. Mr. Shook has accepted the invitation, and will leave his Maine field at the close of the year, beginning the work with us on January first. The parish was unanimous in extending this call, and both Mr. Shook and the Concord congregation are looking forward to pleasant and profitable relations.

New York

Middleport.—The annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union of New York State was held in the Middleport church, Nov. 30 to Dec. 2. The convention opened with a banquet held in Social Hall Friday evening, with about seventy-five present. The Middleport High School Orchestra of twelve pieces furnished the music. Speakers from New York City, Canton, N. Y., Boston, Mass., and the president of the village of Middleport, the professor of the Middleport High School and others, responded at the banquet table. After the banquet services were held in the church when the people were privileged to hear Prof. H. Philbrook Morrill of St. Lawrence University and Niels S. Nickelsen of Brooklyn. On Saturday afternoon the opportunity was given to hear speakers from Oneonta, Brooklyn, and Woodstock, Vt. An address was given by Stanley Manning of Boston, national director. Saturday evening a dance was held. Sunday morning Rev. Harry Westbrook Reed, D. D., of Watertown, delivered the sermon and Rev. Stanley Manning had charge of the communion and consecration service. The convention was well attended and was a big thing for the local church.

Fort Plain.—Rev. Herbert Frank Moulton, pastor. The Social Aid Department put on their annual fair last week. A play, "The Deacon's Second Wife," was given two nights, drawing nearly 1,000 people. The large church social rooms were beautifully decorated with sale booths and all did a good business. The event was "bigger and better than ever." Our "Home Day" will come Dec. 16, when three men will go and call on every family in our parish. The printed matter of this annual church day, showing how to do it, can be had of the minister. Many churches are already asking for it by letters.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The autumn season has been filled with activities that concerned the new church. On Sept. 21, we observed Dollar Day, which provided $136. We greatly appreciate the assistance and good will of the friends who attended the General Convention. We could not neglect this opportunity of letting the denomination in our on new church project for their co-operation is needed. From the Sunday School Convention supper, the Mediator League netted $107. The Y. P. C. U. sold candy and bricks amounting to $42. The guests, who paid for their entertainment in Mediator homes, contributed thereby close to $50. We are glad to report these matters to our generous friends. The Mission Circle has begun its work with an increase in membership and a splendid attendance at each meeting. The Men's Club is booming with an ever-increasing membership. Our club, in its history of five years, has been very fortunate in its presidents. T. T. Hall, 104 Laura Street, now occupies the position and is a storehouse of clever ideas. The club recently entered upon two tours—one through the plant of the *Providence Journal*, the other through the State Prison at Howard. The latter trip attracted fifty-two men. Mr. Hall issues a monthly bulletin for the club, printed by mimeograph. Send for a copy. The union Thanksgiving service of Universalists and Unitarians was held in this church Sunday evening, Nov. 25. Dr. A. M. Lord of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church was the preacher. On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, our minister broadcast through the Outlet Company Station his address on "Golden Rule Sunday" for the Near East Relief.

* *

THE WORK IN TOKYO

Dr. Ayres writes, under date of Nov. 8:

"Our temporary building on the old church site will be ready for occupancy in a couple of weeks, possibly before. We are exceedingly anxious to get into it. We have the work well organized, and everything should move along smoothly after we get started. We expect to do some work for children under the direction of Omatsan; give some entertainments evenings for the older people; have a small employment bureau, and run our little English school as we did last year. Mr. Kawabata is to have an office in the building, and will be in it every day to be of service to those who may drop in. All this together with our religious work will keep us fairly busy. If possible we shall also have a soup kitchen from which free soup will be passed out three or four times a week. I have estimated that it will take at least 250 yen per month to carry on this work. If we receive the money we can do much more, but I thought that we could certainly swing this."

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALISTS SECURE A NEW STATE SUPERINTENDENT

The Universalists of Maine are to be congratulated on their good fortune in securing the Rev. Stanley Manning, national executive of the Young People's Christian Union, to take charge of denominational work in that state.

Mr. Manning is a native of New York City, but spent his youth in Chicago. He is a graduate of Lombard College and Ryder Divinity School, later attending the State Normal School at Oshkosh,

Wisconsin, and doing post-graduate work in the University of Minnesota.

The early years of his ministry were spent in the lower South, where he had notable success as a missionary and church builder. For eight years he was pastor of the Tuttle Universalist Church in Minneapolis, Minn., during which time the Sunday school doubled in size, the church increased over fifty per cent and a large parish house and Sunday school building were erected. In social work Mr. Manning was active in the Associated Charities, serving as chairman of the Board of Friendly Visitors, and as a member of the Relief and Service Committee, and was one of the organizers of the Minneapolis Council of Social Agencies. During six years of his pastorate in Minneapolis Mr. Manning also served as Secretary of the Minnesota Universalist Convention and as State Superintendent of Churches.

In 1919 he was called to his present position as Director of Young People's Work for the entire denomination, with headquarters in Boston. In the four years since, the membership of the Y. P. C. U. has increased over 30 per cent and the efficiency of the organization to a still larger degree. Much of this efficiency is

due to the summer institutes, which Mr. Manning has so actively promoted, the largest of which is held each year at Ferry Beach Park, Old Orchard, others being held at Murray Grove, N. J., Chicago, Ill., and Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. Manning will assume the duties of his new office Feb. 1.

* *

INSTALLATION AT STAMFORD, CT.

Rev. Edward A. Lewis, a young man of fine promise, was installed as pastor of the Stamford church on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4. The beautiful auditorium was well filled with a congregation representing most of the religious societies of the city. The Scripture lesson was read and the prayer was offered by Rev. Gustave H. Leining, of Danbury; the address to the people was given by Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York; the charge to the pastor was spoken by Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., president of the General Sunday School Association; the welcome to Connecticut was presented by Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., State Superintendent; and the welcome to the church and Sunday school was voiced by Mr. Alton Williams. The spirit of the occasion was thoroughly delightful. The Stamford parish is taking on new vigor and there is every reason to believe that the pastorate, now auspiciously begun, will be long and successful.

* *

THROOP MEMORIAL CHURCH, PASADENA, CALIF.

Every one interested in the Universalist denomination will rejoice in the new church that has just been dedicated at Pasadena. As Dr. Bisbee said, when the opportunity offered, "This is a church." It is in the Gothic style of architecture, standing upon a prominent corner, South Los Robles Avenue and Center Street, only one block from the Hotel Maryland, convenient and easy of access from every part of the city, and yet far enough from the street cars and constant traffic of Colorado Street to be quiet.

The chancel of the church is at the west end of the building with organ and choir on one side, and the console and organist on the other. Back of the pulpit is a high oak shield, with heavy blue curtains, above which is a beautiful window, with prevailing tints of blue. At the east end is a small gallery. The pews are of oak.

The entrance to the church is beneath a tower standing at the junction of the church and parish house, affording access to every part of the building. On the first floor of the parish house is a fine assembly room, with well-equipped stage, ladies' parlors, dining-room and kitchen. On the floors above are class rooms, with assembly rooms for each department of the church school, and a delightful study for the pastor. There is a projection machine for the assembly hall, and dark room for photographers. In fact every need and requirement of a modern church seem to have been provided. The very beautifully toned organ was made by Spencer, of Pasadena. The building is of cement.

The dedication took place on Sunday, Nov. 18, beginning with the dedication of the parish house at 9.30 a. m. After an address by Prof. Arthur H. Chamberlain, who paid appropriate tribute to Father Throop, a representative of each branch of work in the church gave expression to the varied purposes for which the building is to be used. These statements were largely the product of the mind and heart of the pastor.

In the afternoon, the dedication of the church took place, the auditorium being filled to capacity. The invocation was offered by Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, of Santa Paula. The Scriptures were read by Rev. Alven M. Smith, now a resident of South Pasadena. Mr. H. M. Gragg, who had superintended the erection of the building, transferred the edifice to the people, which was accepted on their behalf by Prof. R. L. Daughterty, president of the board of trustees. The architect, Frederick Kennedy, Jr., was introduced. The hymn of dedication was written by the pastor.

The sermon was given by Prof. Raymond C. Brooks, D. D., of Pomona College (Congregationalist), and was a thrilling and inspiring presentation. The dedicatory prayer by our own Dr. W. C. Selleck was beautiful in phrase, lofty in spirit, and most admirably fitted to the occasion. Greetings from other churches were presented by Rev. Dr. Buckner, Methodist, president of the Pasadena Pastors' Union. It was a tribute to the position in the city held by our church and by the present pastor. The benediction by the venerable Dr. H. L. Canfield was a fitting close to a splendid service.

Needless to say, the music furnished by the organist and choir was perfect, in selection and rendition. During the service, after a financial statement showing proceeds of sale of old church, $36,600, and previous pledges of $76,000, under the leadership of Miss Eleanor Bissell, the congregation subscribed $17,000 more toward the cost of the building, $152,000, leaving an indebtedness of only about $25,000.

The successful completion of this project is largely due to the devoted leadership of the pastor, Rev. Carl F. Henry, who has advised, enthused, and inspired his people, who have worked together in the finest spirit, from beginning to end.

There was but one thing lacking to make the day a complete success, and that was the enforced absence, because of his long illness, of Dr. Nash, who is looked up to as the great leader of our host in California. His face and word would have brought joy to all the people.

Frank Lincoln Masseck.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,595
Salem, Ind.	5
Pleasant Valley, Ind.	1
Pasadena, Cal.	8
Danvers, Mass.	11
Muncie, Ind.	5
Total	1,615

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 800. Baltimore, Md., 2. Muncie, Ind., 1. Total, 803.

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The National Federation of Religious Liberals, with headquarters at Lincoln Center, Chicago, has recently held district conferences at Junction City, Kan.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Toledo, Ohio; and Chicago.

The next meeting will be held at Lincoln Center, Chicago, Friday evening, Dec. 14, with the following speakers and subjects:

"The Present Day Religious Situation," Frank D. Adams, the Universalist Church of Detroit. "Religion and the Personal Life," Preston Bradley, the People's Church of Chicago. "Religion and the

Social Order," Paul H. Douglas, member of the Religious Society of Friends; Department of Economics, Chicago University. "Religion and the Program for World Peace," John Haynes Holmes, the Community Church of New York City.

Notices

FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE OF VERMONT AND PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Nov. 26, 1923, transfer of fellowship granted Rev. Will A. Kelley on Nov. 13 by Maine Committee, accepted.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

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MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license for one year granted to S. Laurine Freeman. Transfer of C. F. McIntire from Vermont accepted and fellowship granted

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

Obituary

Mrs. Mary C. Willson

Mrs. Mary C. Willson, wife of Rev. D. Sumner Willson of Rochester, N. Y., died at her home on Sunday, Nov. 11. She was born at Providence R. I., and brought up in the Church of the Mediator. Always a Universalist at heart, she did not join the church until 1901, when she became a member of the Rochester church, and from that time she became an ardent and enthusiastic worker in the church. For two years she was state president of the Woman's Aid of the Universalist Church, where she did most efficient work.

Always of a cheerful, happy disposition, she radiated the same spirit wherever she went. During the last five years she has been an invalid, so that many changes of residence have been necessary, and wherever she went, North or South, whether in pain or not, and sometimes so weary that she would fain have laid down the burden of life, yet none saw any but the happy, cheerful side of her life, and all looked forward to her coming again to give them cheer, and wise counsel. She will be missed by a wide circle of friends in many states.

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* *

Two small boys were talking together on the beach. "I say, what's your father?"

"He's an architect."

"Huh, mine's not. He's a soldier."

"My father was a soldier in the war, too."

"Huh, anybody can be a soldier when there's a war."—*London Daily News.*

* *

Visitor (to laundry): "What do you call that machine?"

Laundryman: "That's a mangle!"

"For gosh sake! Do you have a special machine for it?"—*Judge.*

* *

He: "Yes, my great-grandfather planted this grove when he was a boy!"

Sweet Thing: "You expect me to believe that?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"How could a boy plant such big trees?" —*Judge.*

* *

"Can I sell you a set of Shakespeare?" asked the affable agent.

"I don't think so," replied the patient person, "but I won't say for sure. After thinking over a lot of things I've been persuaded to buy, almost anything seems possible."—*Washington Star.*

* *

He: "I would do anything for you."

She: "Would you really?"

He: "Put me to the test."

She: "Very well. Go and make love to that Stubbins girl and then let me cut her out."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A woman called at the bank in which she was a depositor and cashed a check on her own account.

Shortly afterward she returned and asked to see the cashier. She explained that, unfortunately, she had lost the money somewhere in the town. Would the cashier kindly stop payment of her check? —*Exchange.*

* *

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?' Then of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation." *Christian Register.*

* *

"At last I got in the movies."

"How 'dyuh work it?"

"Paid my quarter."—*Lord Jeff.*

* *

The average man's idea of a hypocritical woman is one who doesn't like him.—*Tiger.*

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